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ALSO

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THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Playford, for Henry Playford and R. C. and are to be sold near the
Temple Church, and at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1685.

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Case



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ADVERTISEMENT.

There is now in the Press a most excellent *Musical Entertainment*, to be performed at the Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's day next, Nov. 22. 1684. The words made by the late ingenious Mr. John Oldham, Author of the *Satyr on the Jesuits*, and other excellent Poems; and set to Music, in two, three, four, and five Parts, by Dr. John Blow, Master of the Children, and one of the Organists, of His Majesty's Chappel Royal.

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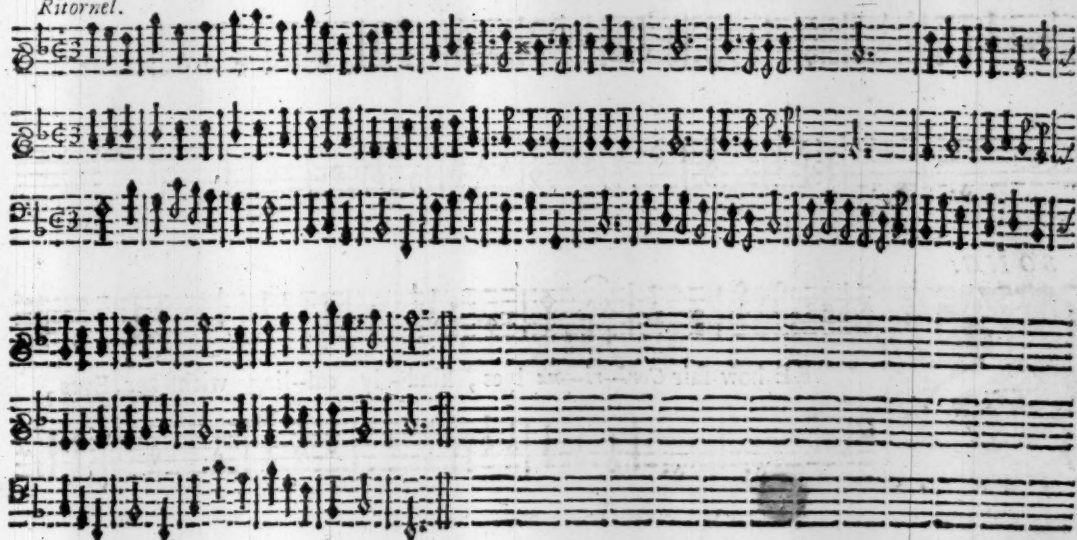
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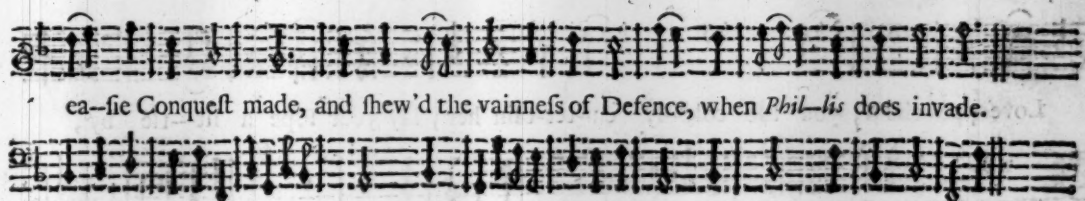
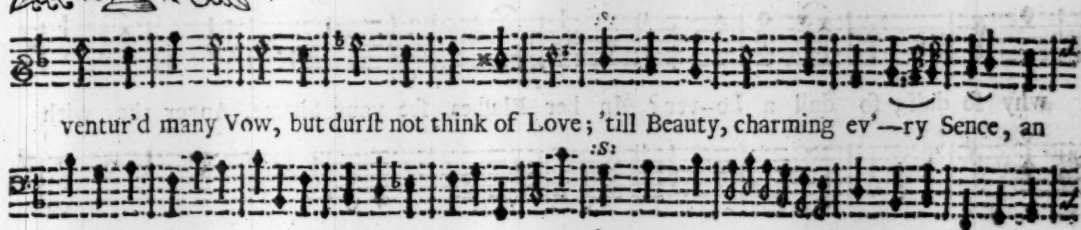
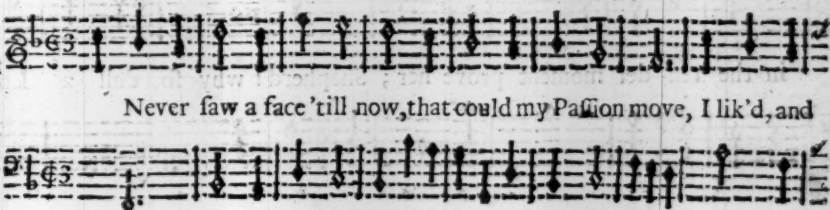
Also all sorts of Musical Instruments and Strings.

The three following Songs in the Disappointment, or The Mother in fashion.

Ritornel.



SONG.



Capt. Pack,

II.

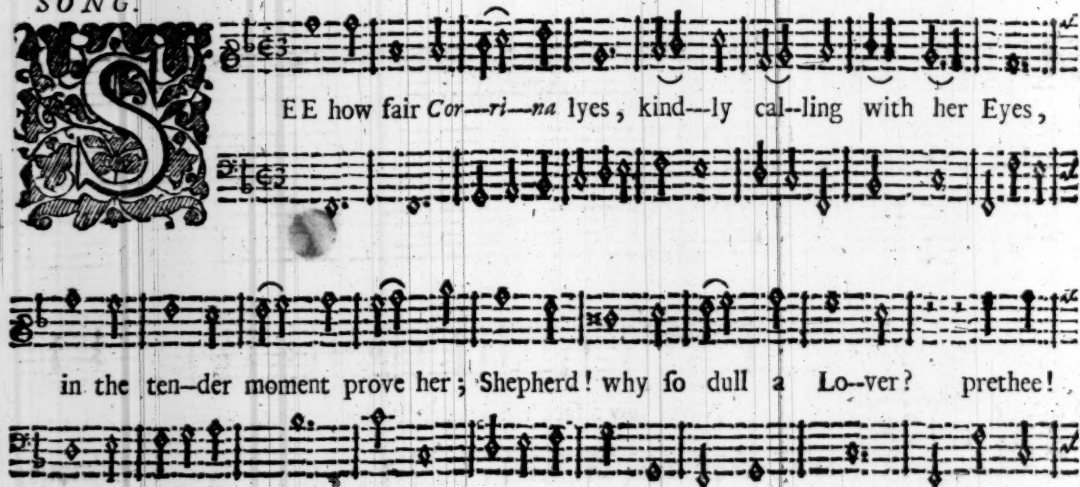
But ah! her colder Heart denies;
The thoughts her looks inspire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only fire:
Between Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants to Northward set,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or cold for want of heat.

Ritornel.

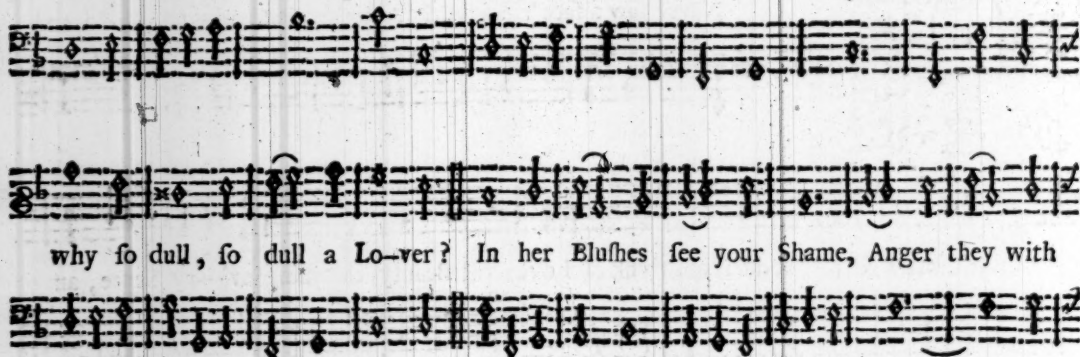
SONG.



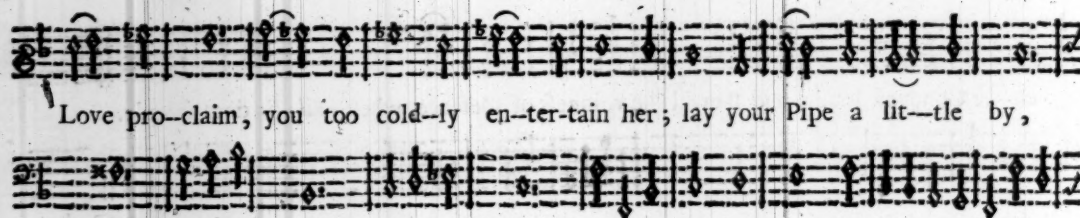
EE how fair Cor—ri—na lyes, kind—ly cal—ling with her Eyes,



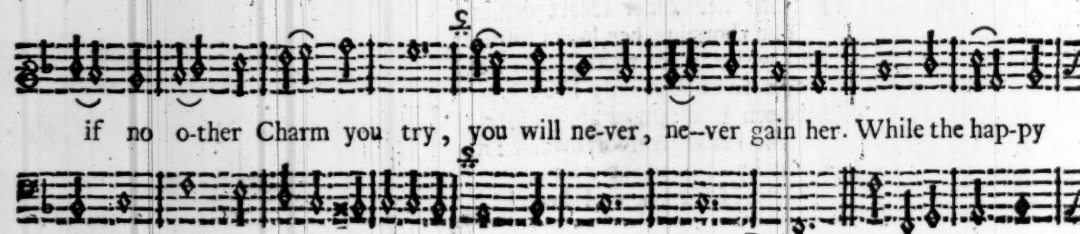
in the ten—der moment prove her; Shepherd! why so dull a Lo—ver? prethee!



why so dull, so dull a Lo—ver? In her Blushes see your Shame, Anger they with



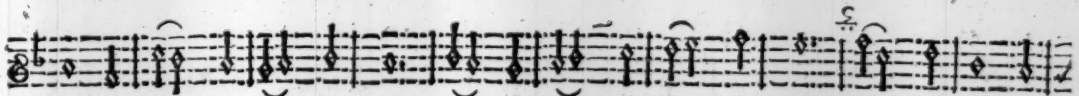
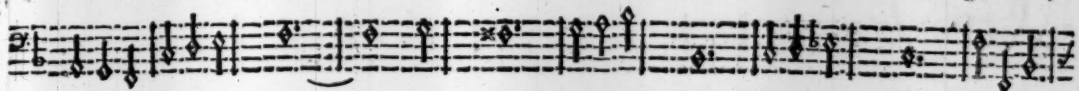
Love pro—claim, you too cold—ly en—ter—tain her; lay your Pipe a lit—tle by,



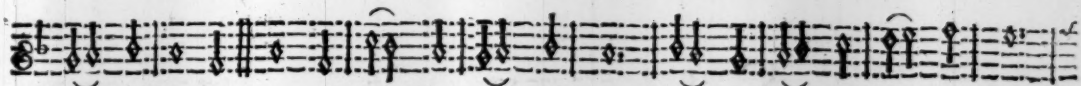
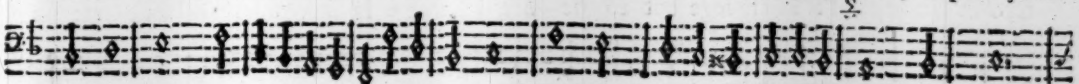
if no o—ther Charm you try, you will ne—ver, ne—ver gain her. While the hap—py



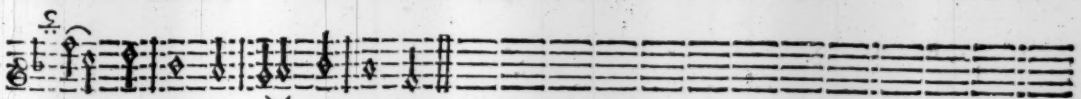
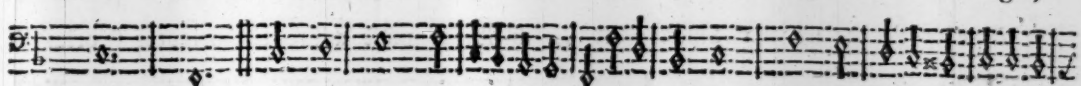
Mi-nute is, court her, you may get a kifs, may be Favours that are greater;



leave your Tune, and to her fly, when your Shep-her-defs is nigh, can you pafs your

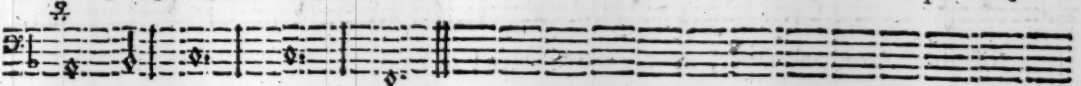


time no better? Dull A-min-tor! fy! Oh fy! now your Shep-her-defs is nigh,

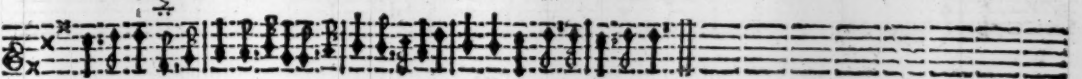
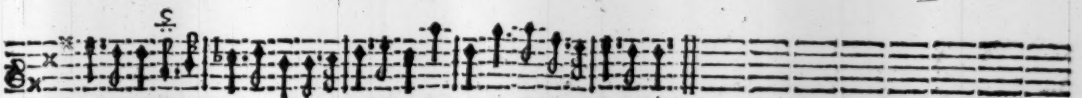
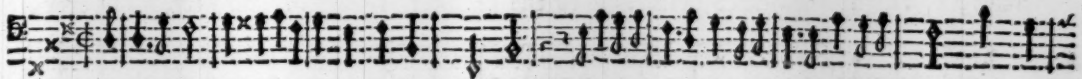
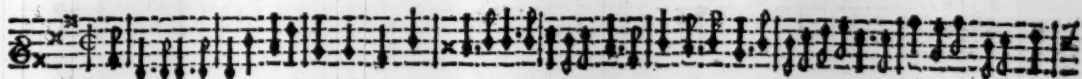
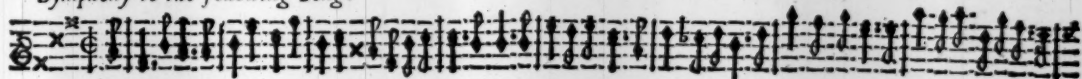


can you pafs your time no better?

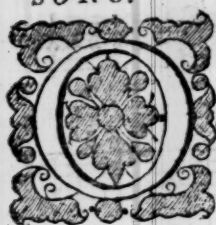
Capt. Pack,



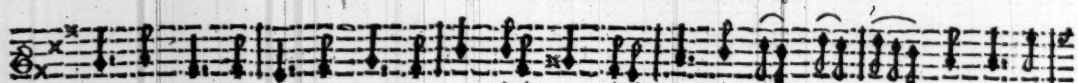
Symphony to the following Song.



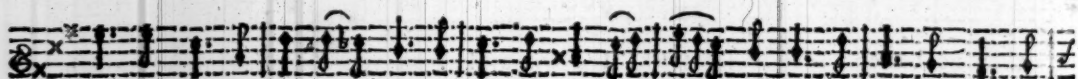
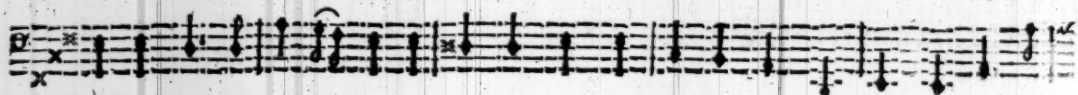
SONG.



H! why did e're my Thoughts aspire, to wish for that no



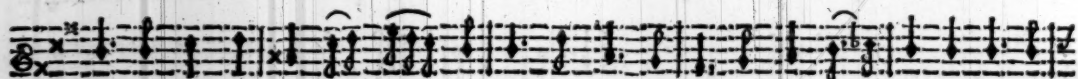
Crown can buy? 'Tis Sa-cri-lege but to de-fire what she in ho-nour will de-ny: As



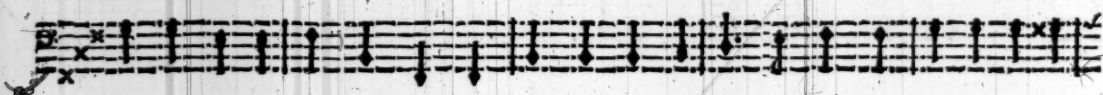
In-dians do the Ea-ster-n Skies, I at a di-stance must adore the brighter Glories



of her Face, and never, ne-ver dare pretend to more; as *Indians* do the Eastern



Skies, I at a di-stance must a-dore the brighter Glories of her Face, and never,



ne-ver dare pretend to more; and ne-ver, ne-ver dare pretend to more.



Mr. Robert King.



When ab-sent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain resolve to

love no more; tho' reason would my Flame remove, my Love-sick Heart will still a--dore.

My weak Endeavours are in vain, they vanish soon as they return; I by one look re-

lapse a--gain, and in a ra--ging Fever burn.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

To Rocks and Trees I sigh alone,
And often do my Passion tell;
I fancy that they hear my moan,
And Eccho back, *You love too well:*
Forbear your Passion to pursue,
Or it will end in misery;
The Nymph's in love, but not with you,
If this won't do, despair and dye.



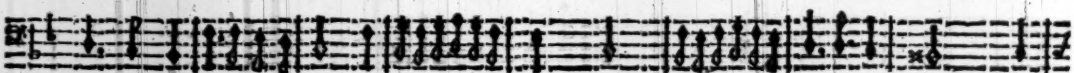
Ard Fate! that we have Eyes to see, yet not a--void our Mi--se-



ry! I knew, to love her were my Pain, much more to tell her of my Pain: Nay, after



this hard Combat try'd, and when with Com-ple-ments de-ny'd, not then t'have



pow'r to give, it o're, was e--ver Wretch so curs'd be-fore.



Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

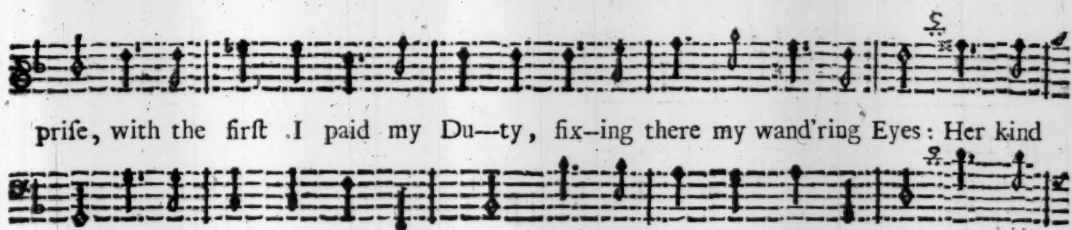
II.

Yet who would grudge to bear this weight,
Would she, alas! commiserate;
Who would refuse whole days of Care,
To dream all night of Love and her?
I would a Purgatory bear,
That might be overcome by Pray'r;
But this Eternal Round of Woe,
None but the Damn'd should undergo.

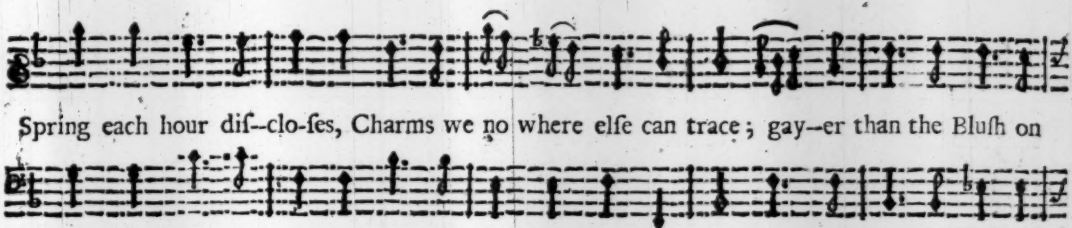




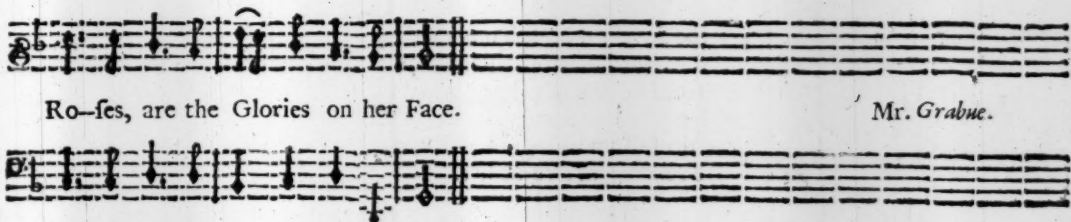
Hea Lu—cin—da's bloo-ming Beauty did the wond'ring Town sur-



prise, with the first I paid my Du—ty, fix-ing there my wand'ring Eyes: Her kind



Spring each hour dif-clo-ses, Charms we no where else can trace; gay-er than the Blush on



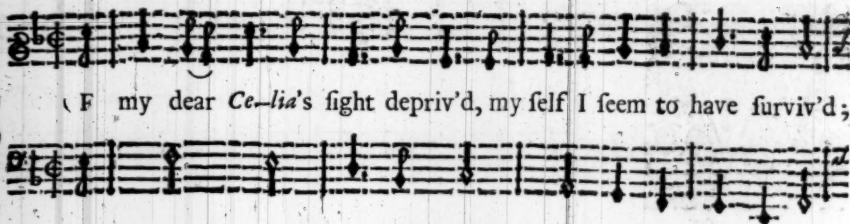
Ro-ses, are the Glories on her Face.

Mr. Grabue.

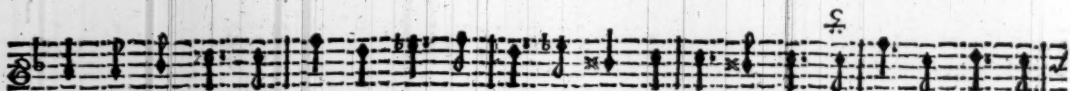
II.

She alone the life of Pleasure,
 Makes the Park, and makes the Play;
 Scatt'ring her amazing Treasure,
 Gives her Slaves a Golden day:
 You whose Thoughts are too aspiring,
 Hope not she will ease your Care;
 I have learnt to live admiring,
 Love is vanquish'd by Despair.

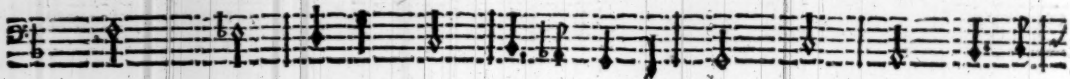




O my dear *Ce-lia's* fight depriv'd, my self I seem to have surviv'd;



my Heart to her long since is fled, and all in me but Grief is dead: In-fer-nal Spirits



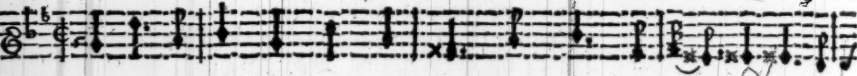
thus remain, and know they live but by their Pain.



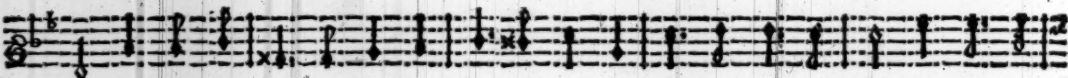
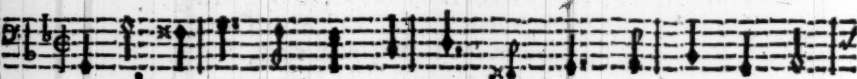
II.

And yet the lovely Nymph no doubt,
Allows not me one careless Thought;
Whilst circled in the adoring Crowd,
That of her Charms complain allow'd:
My Sighs do fall undistinguish'd there,
And dye e're they arrive at her.

Slow Time.

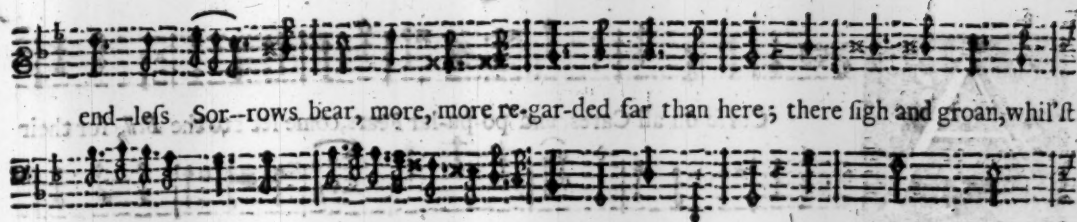


O hollow Rocks, and far-fought Plains, where nought but deepest Silence

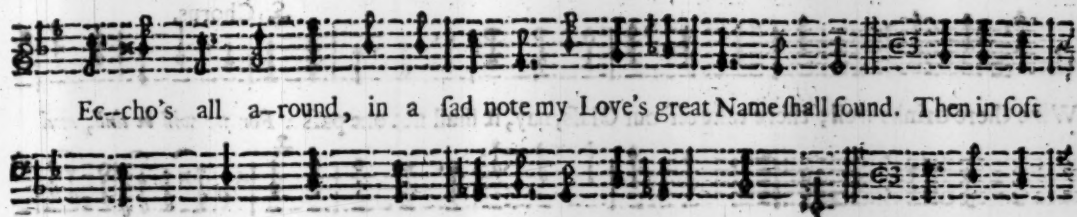


reigns; or to some gloomy Cypress shade, for wretched Lovers on- ly made; will I my





end-less Sor-rows bear, more, more re-gar-ded far than here; there sigh and groan, whil'st



Ec-cho's all a-round, in a sad note my Love's great Name shall found. Then in soft



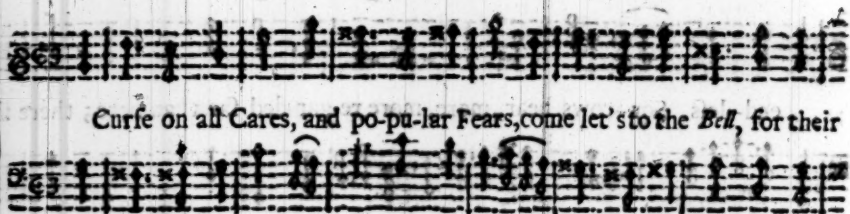
words will I, when all alone, to some far kinder Nymph my Griefs bemoan; then in soft



words will I, when all a-lone, to some far kinder Nymph my Griefs bemoan.

Mr. Charles Taylour.

Scarce did I feel a Fire to move,
 But now, Oh now! must leave my Love;
 No more her Morning Blushes view,
 A sweeter Red ne're Nature drew;
 Nor see (which above all I prize)
 Those killing Glances of her Eyes:
 Then whil'st I swell with pregnant thoughts of Love,
 Such mournful Thoughts ne're Gods themselves shall move;
 On some soft Bank, whil'st Beasts stand wond'ring by,
 I'll lay me down, I'll lay me down and dye:
 On some soft Bank, whil'st Beasts stand wond'ring by,
 I'll lay me down, I'll lay me down and dye.

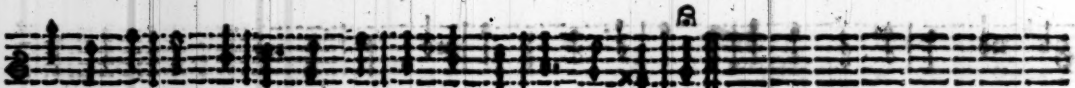
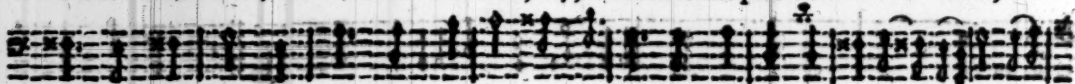


Curse on all Cares, and po-pu-lar Fears, come let's to the Bell, for their



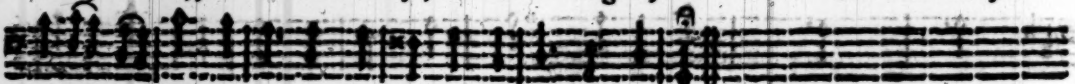
Chorus.

Wine there drinks well; there take off our Glafs, nay, it shall not one pass : For we will be dull, and



heavy no more, since Wine does encrease, and there's Claret good store.

Mr. Charles Taylour.



II.

Come fill up your Wine,
Look fill it like mine,
Here Boys, I begin
A good Health to the King;
Jack, see it go round,
Whilst with Mirth we abound:

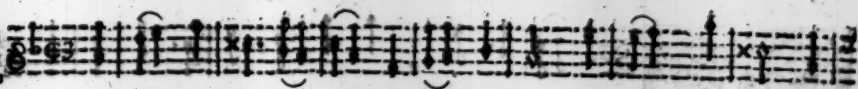
Chor. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine does encrease, and there's Claret good store.

III.

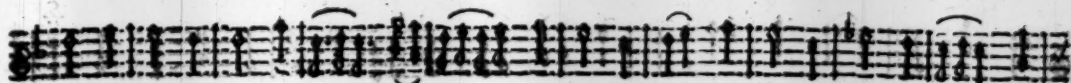
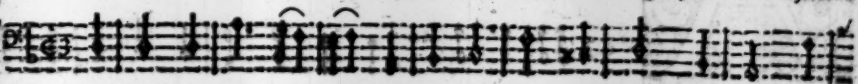
Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glass is not big,
What-a-pox, you're no Whig:
Come drink up the rest,
Or be merry at least:

Chor. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine does encrease, and there's Claret good store.

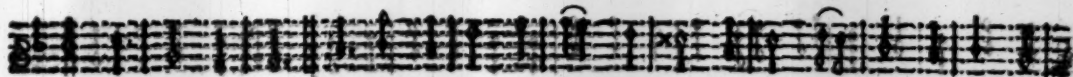
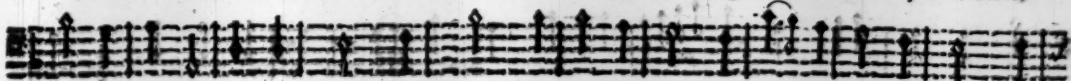
A. 2 Voc.



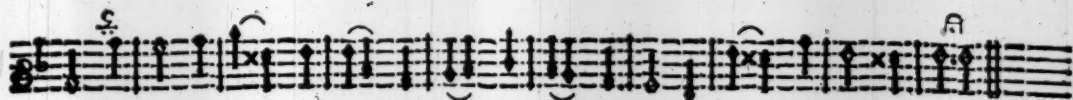
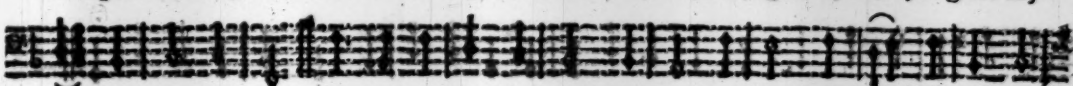
E—lieve me Jenny, for I tell you true, these Sighs, these Sobs, these



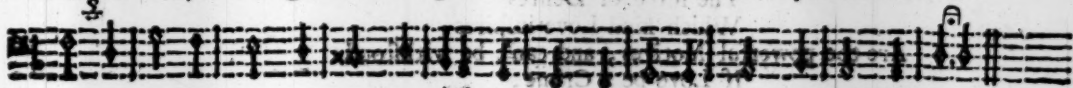
Tears are all for you; can you mis—trust—ful of my Passion prove, whenev'ry A—ction



thus proclaims my Love? Is't not enough, you cru—el Fair, to slight my Love, neglect my



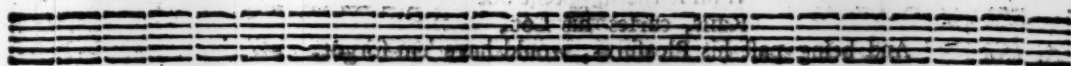
Pain? At least, that ri—gid Sentence spare; nor say, That I first caus'd you to Disdain.



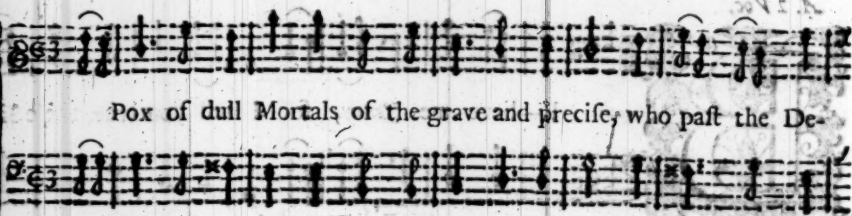
Mr. Charles Taylor.

II.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Dissimulation's baser Art,
Stifle the busie Passion of your Heart:
Let, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne're yet design'd
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.



A. 2 Voc.



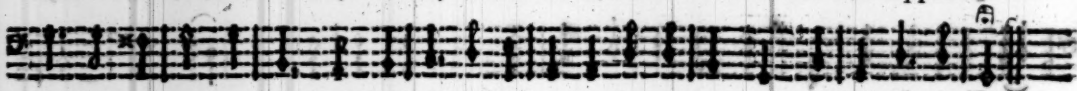
Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and precise, who pass the De-



light we en-joy each night, give Counsel, in-struct us, to be counted more wise; when



Nature excites, and Beau-ty invites, let us follow, let us fol-low our own Appetites.



Mr. Charles Taylor

II.

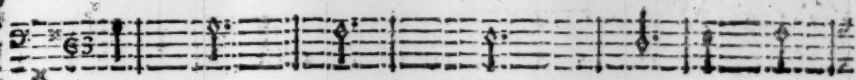
The brisk vigour of Youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
 The force of Desires
 Which kind Love inspires,
 Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
 If Love be a Crime,
 We're yet in our Prime;
 Let's never grow wise, and repent e're our time.

III.

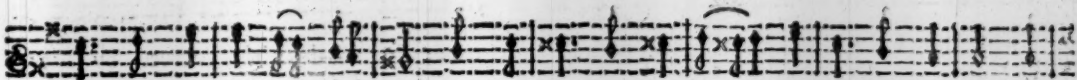
Then we'll boldly go on whil'st we're lusty and strong,
 Whil'st fit for the Task
 Of a Vizard Mask,
 And still be as happy as still we are young:
 Whil'st the impotent Sor
 Rails, curses his Lot,
 And being past his Pleasures, would have 'em forgot.



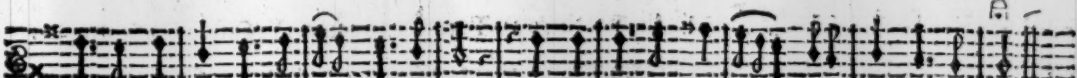
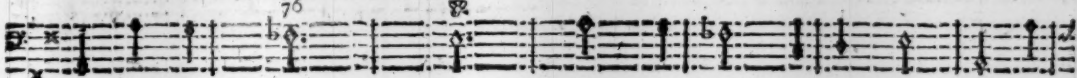
Here ne-ver was Swain fo un-hap-py as I, I sigh, I a-



dore, Ah *Phil-lis*! I cry, if you will not love, your *Damon* must dye; but still all in



vain, she regards not my Pain, when I hope for a Smile, I meet her Disdain; but



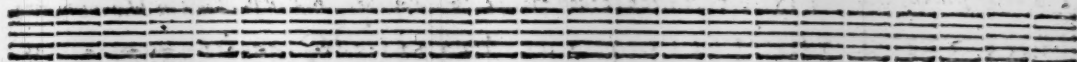
still all in vain, she regards not my Pain, when I hope for a Smile, I meet her Disdain.



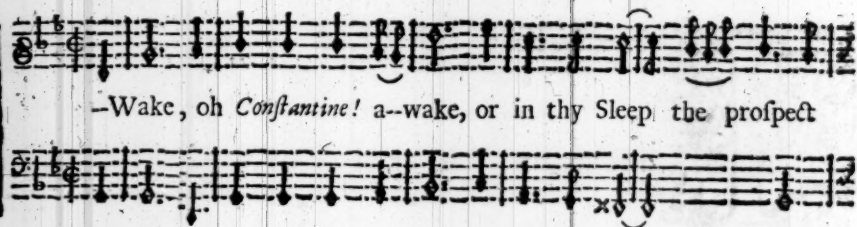
Sen. Baptiste!

II.

My Pipe I forget, my Sheep go astray,
The Wolf and the Fox with my Lambs run away;
And I am the talk of the Village they say:
The Nymphs all agree,
That *Phyllis* is she,
And Love is the thing that has quite undone me.



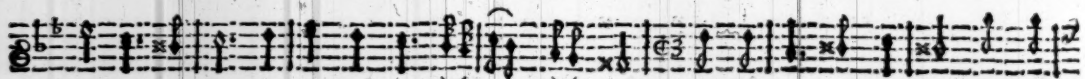
A Song in the first Act of Constantine. [14]



—Wake, oh *Constantine*! a--wake, or in thy Sleep the prospect



take; here in this hollow'd streaming Gold, the prospect of thy Life behold: This Emblem of



a bleeding Love, shall both thy Crofs and Triump prove; for a--las! 'tis decreed by the



Heavenly Doom, to purge thy past Crimes there's a Torment to come. Yet after the Storm, be-



lieve in me, no more disturb'd thy Thoughts shall be, but all se--rene as breathless Sea.



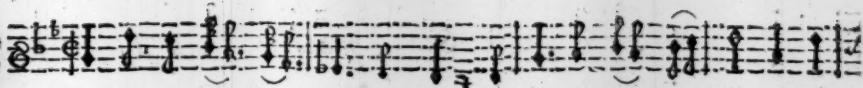
Chorus in three Parts.



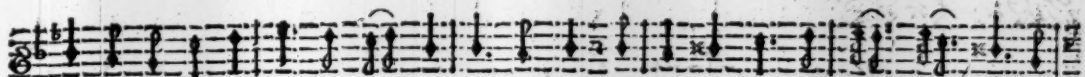
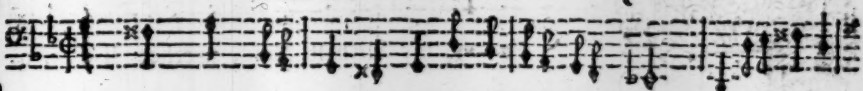
AND still thy Handmaid Victory, where e're thou go'st shall wain on thee, and all shall end in Harmony.



Mr. Tho. Farmer.



Was in a dif-mal Cyprefs Grove, wherein the God of Day, I vain



Still for Admittance strove, to dart one gentle Ray; where *Strephon* full of Anguish, fought to



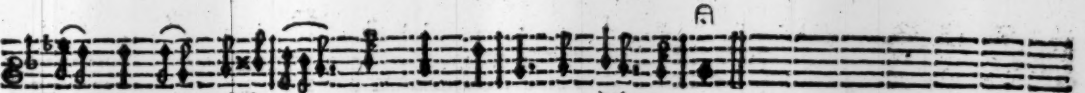
b6
3



ease his burthen'd Mind, by tel-ling of his trou-ble'd Thought un-to the careless Wind; by



b6 6 76 6 b b6

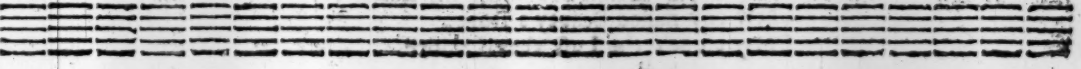
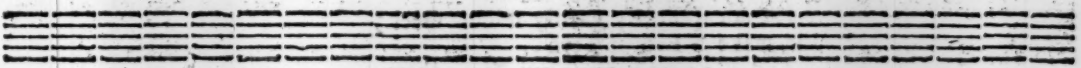
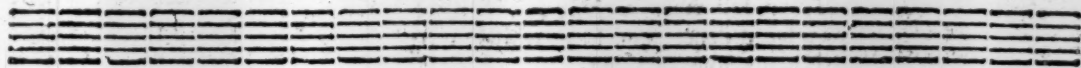


tel-ling of his trou-ble'd Thought un-to the careless Wind.

Sen. *Baptist*.



7 76 6



SCOTCH Song, made to a new Playhouse Tune.



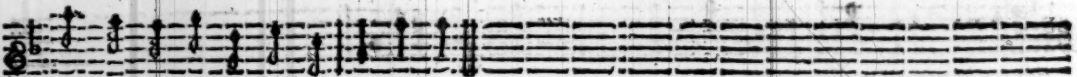
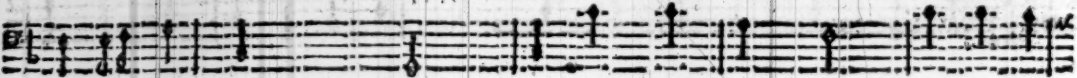
En—ny, my blitheft Maid, prethee li—sten to my true Love now;



I am a can—ny Lad, gang a—long with me to yon—der Brow: Aw the Boughs shall



shade us round, while the Nightingale and Lin—net teach us, how the Lad the Lafs may woo,



come and I'll shew my Jenny what to do.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

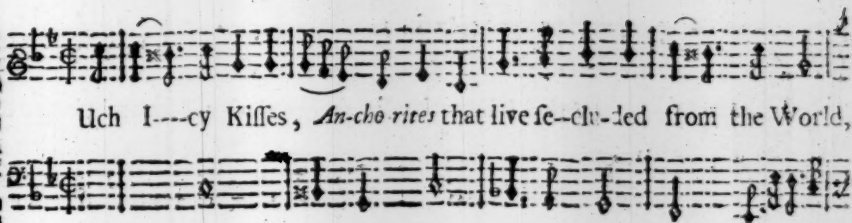


II.

I ken full many a thing,
I can dance, and I can whistle too;
I many Song can sing,
Pitch the Bar, and run, and wrastle too:
Bonny *Mog* of our Town
Gave me Bead-laces and Karchers many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win
Jockey from aw the Lassies of the Green.

III.

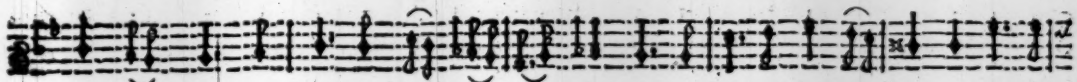
Then lig thee down my Bearn,
Ize not spoil thy gawdy shining Geer;
I'll make a Bed of Fern,
And I'll gently press my *Jenny* there.
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Karcher that too hides thy Bosom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's store,
Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.



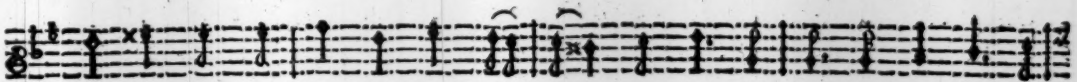
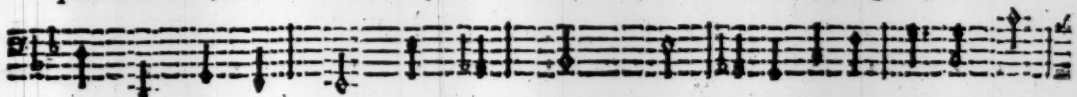
Uch I---cy Kisses, *An-cho-ries* that live se--clu--ded from the World,



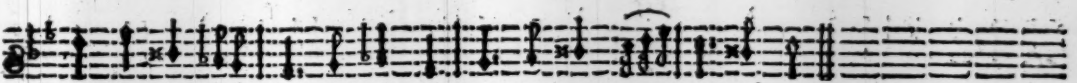
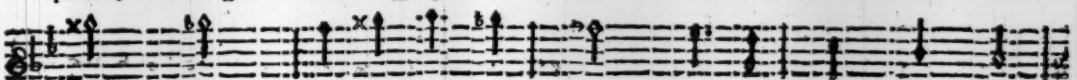
from the World, to dead Sculs give; and those cold Maids on whom Love ne---ver



spent his Flame, nor know what by de---sire is meant: To their ex--pi-ring Fathers such be-



queath, snatching their flee--ting Spi---rits in that Breath. The ti---me--rous Priest doth



with such fear and nice De-vo-tion, touch the ho---ly Sa--cri--fice.

Mr. John Roffey.

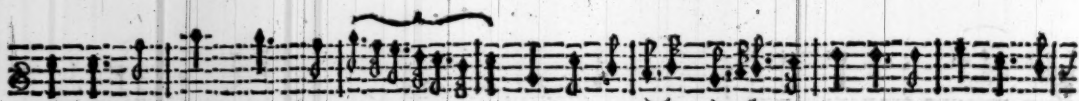


II.

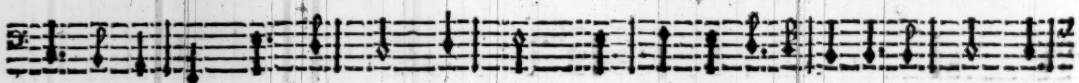
Eye *Charieffa*! whence so chang'd of late,
As to become in Love a Reprobate?
Quit, quit this Dulness fairest, and make known
A Flame unto me equal to my own:
Shake off this Frost for shame that dwells upon
Thy Lip, and if it will not so be gon,
Let's once more joyn our Lips, and thou shalt see,
That by the Flame of mine 'twill melted be.



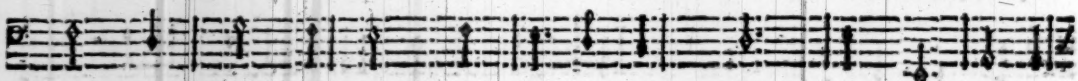
Ark, I hear the Ec-choing Nation, Monarchy's and *Charles's* blest Restau-



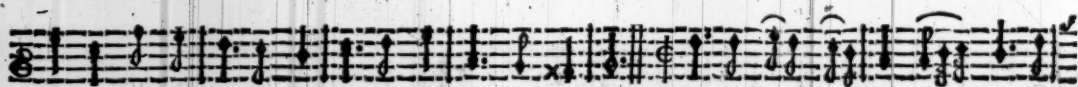
ration; sets Fame's Trump a foun—ding, and all Hearts a rebounding; see all Knees a-



doring, and the proud Eagle soaring o're the Head of great *Charles*, our dread Sovereign crown'd; See



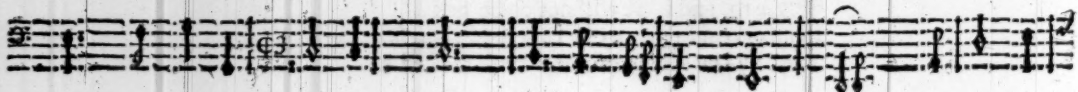
Ga-ny-med yonder, for the God of the Thunder fills up a full Bowl there, and from each Loyal



Soul there, the Im-pe-ri-al Health in blest *Nectar* goes round. Bid the shining God of Day his



glo-ri-ous Chariot Ray, to pay his just Homage to that happy Morn', when th'Illuſtrious

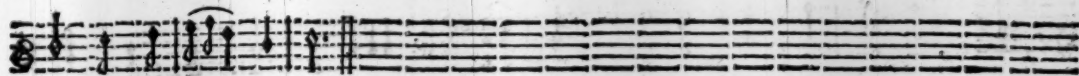




CHARLES of Great-Britain was born: Bid him stop his burning Car, to view his Ri-val



Star; great Charles his bright Phosphor, the Star at high Noon, that could outlook the



Day, and out-face the Sun.

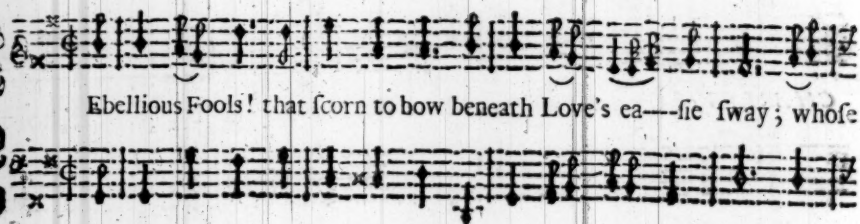


II.

But to make our Joys compleater,
And this great Day's solemn Triumph still greater,
Whilst *Cesar* we sing to,
Let Great *James* Fame take Wing to,
Whilst Poets and Story
Shall unite both their Glory,
And chant the loud Praise of a Race so Divine;
Our Cannons shall roar all,
And proud Mortals adore all,
And with the Loyal *Britains*,
The kind *Nereids* and *Trytons*,
To their Ocean's great Lord shall his Admiral joyn.
See, the glad long widow'd Main
Welcomes home her *James* again;
And so when Omnipotent Birthright had giv'n
To *Jove* the vast Empire of Earth, Sea, and Heav'n,
When he found the mighty Load
Too big even for a God,
He gave his great Brother the Storms and the Seas,
Whilst dread *Jove* and *Neptune* the whole World o-
(beys.

III.

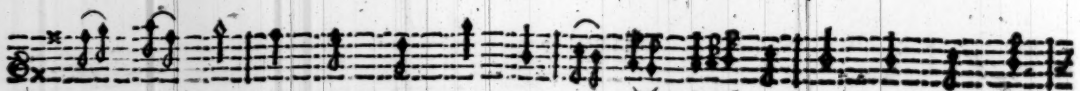
See Imposture and Delusion,
Tum and his Crew are brought to confusion!
'Gainst Thousands and Millions
Of Whigs, Rebels, and Villains;
The Conquest is won Boys,
The *Herculean* work done Boys,
The vanquish'd Phanatical *Hydra's* quite damn'd:
The black Bills and *Spanish*
Bloody Pilgrims all vanish;
Whilst Perjurers and Traytors
Into Dungeons and Fetters,
With their bugg'ring, bug'ring Saviour lie cram'd.
Bold Sedition shall no more
Disturb our Halcyon Shore; (World,
No Factious curst Senates shall enflame the
Those *Phaeton*-Drivers to Damnation are hurl'd;
Through a Race of endless Years,
Shall dance the jocund Sphears,
With Union and Order the whole Globe shall roul,
While *Charles* his bright Wain shall drive round
(the Pole.



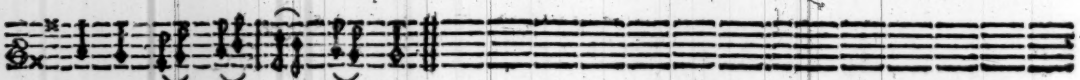
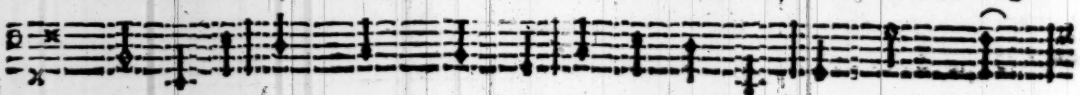
Ebelligious Fools! that scorn to bow beneath Love's ea—sic sway; whose



stubborn Wills no Laws al-low, dis-dai-ning to obey: Mark but this wreath of Hair, and

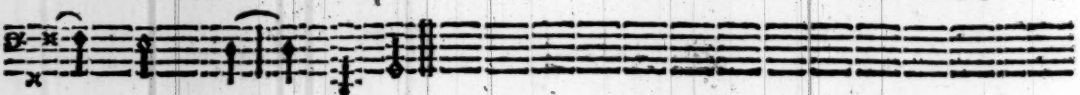


you shall see, none that might wear such Fet-ters would be free; none that might



wear such Fet-ters would be free.

Mr. John Roffey.

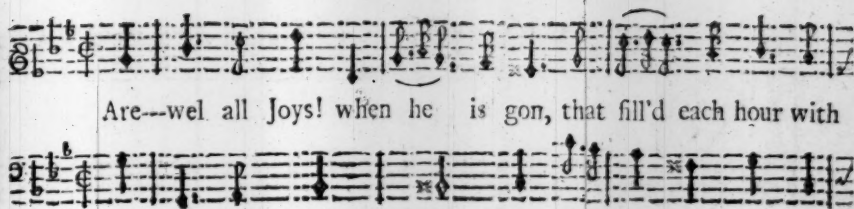


II.

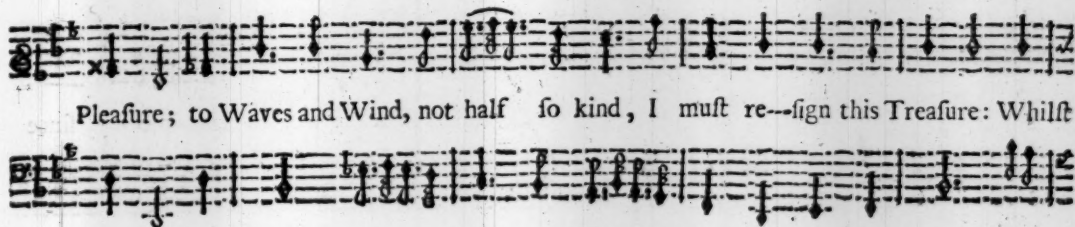
I once could boast a Soul like you,
As unconfin'd as Air;
But mine, which Force could not subdue,
Was caught within this Snare:
And (by my self betray'd) I for this Gold,
A Heart that many Storms withstood have sold.

III.

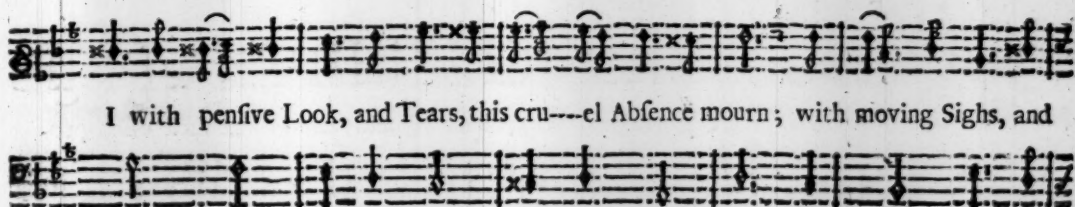
Now Beauties, I defy your Charms,
Rul'd by more powerful Art;
This mystic Wreath which crowns my Arm,
Defends my vanquish'd Heart:
And I subdu'd by one more Fair shall be,
Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity.



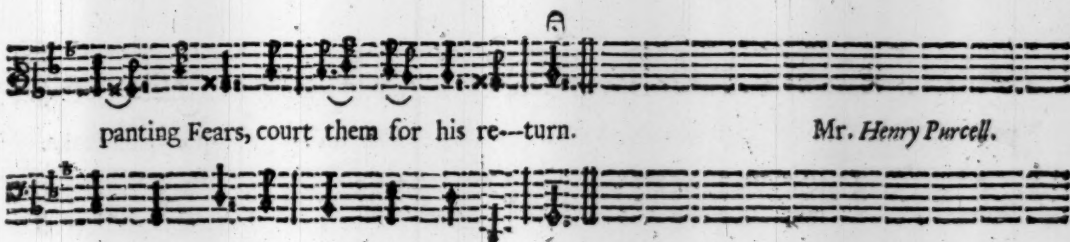
Are--wel all Joys! when he is gon, that fill'd each hour with



Pleasure; to Waves and Wind, not half so kind, I must re--sign this Treasure: Whilst



I with pensive Look, and Tears, this cru---el Absence mourn; with moving Sighs, and



panting Fears, court them for his re--turn.

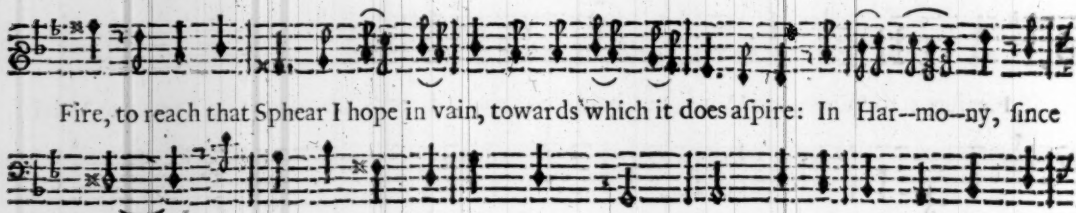
Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

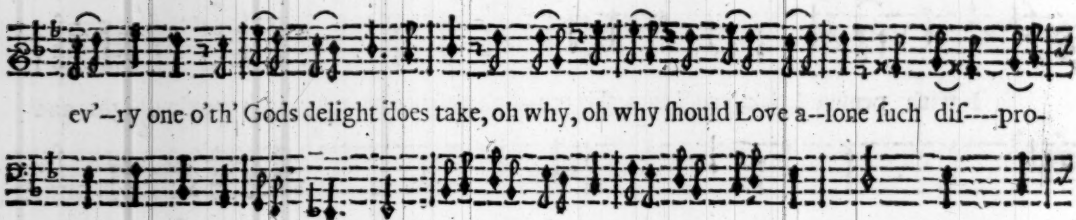
That happy Minute when it comes,
Will satisfaction give;
Tho' I endure,
I'me then most sure,
In lasting Love to live:
In my *Alexs* God-like Mind,
None can destroy that Bliss;
He must be faithful, true and kind,
And I for ever his.



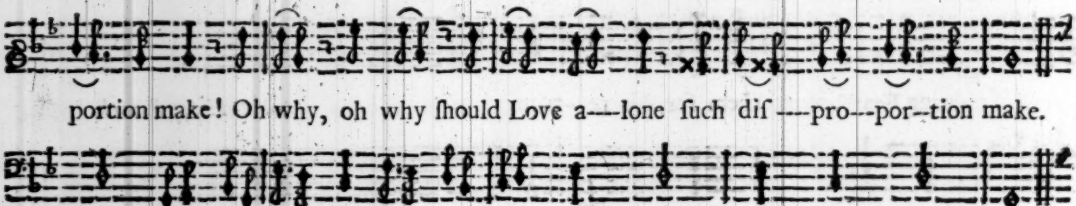
O O high, oh *Cu—pid!* cries the Swain, you've forc'd my mounting



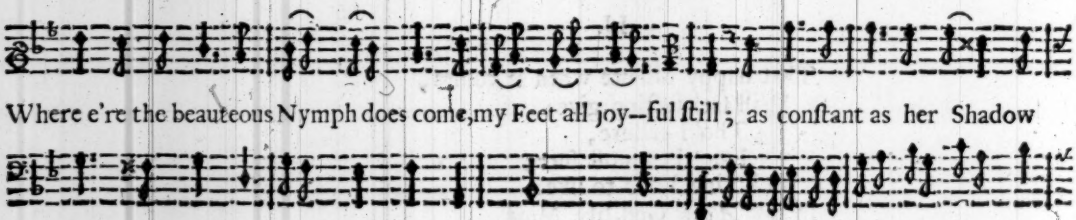
Fire, to reach that Sphear I hope in vain, towards which it does aspire: In Har—mo—ny, since



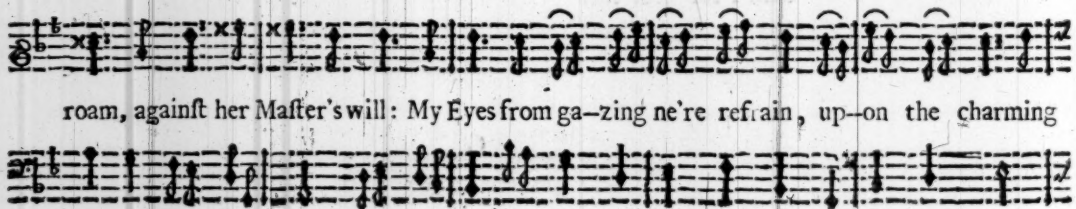
ev'—ry one o'th' Gods delight does take, oh why, oh why should Love a—lone such dif—pro—



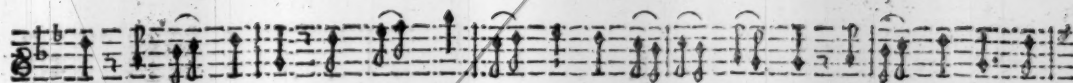
portion make! Oh why, oh why should Love a—lone such dif—pro—por—tion make.



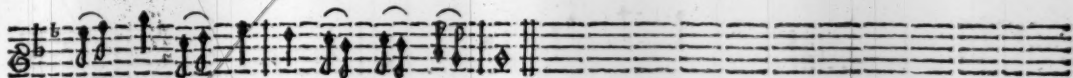
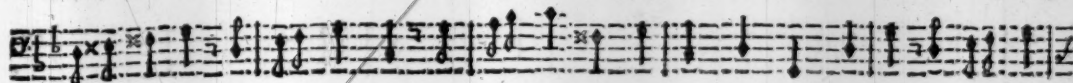
Where e're the beauteous Nymph does come, my Feet all joy—ful still; as constant as her Shadow



roam, against her Master's will: My Eyes from ga—zing ne're refrain, up—on the charming

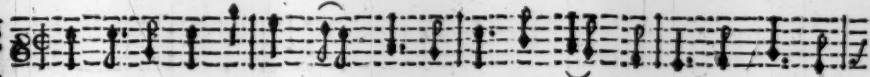


Fair; *Cha-me-lion*-like, they feed my Pain with no-thing else but Air; *Cha-me-lion*-like, they

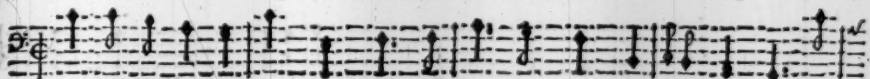


feed my Pain with nothing else, but Air.

Sen. Baptif.



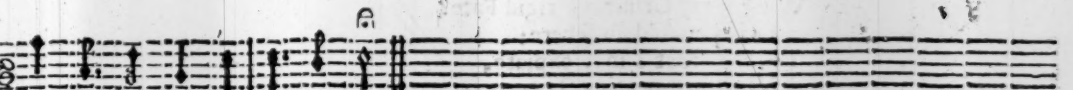
Hot from *Orinda's* brighter Eyes, the Lightning pierc'd my kindling Brest; from



whence a stubborn Flame does rise, a Flame no more to be suppress: It spreads and rages

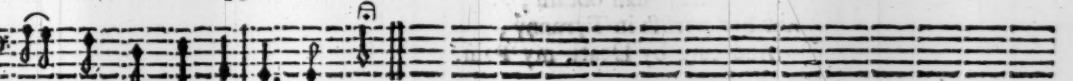


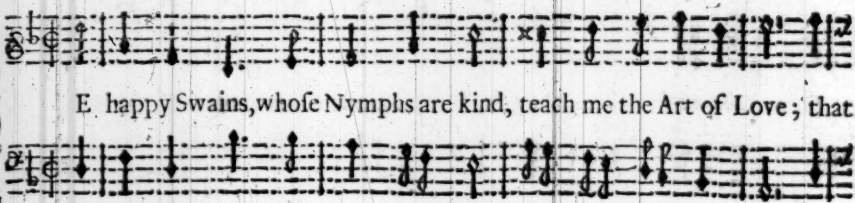
in my Soul, to such a head the Tyrant's grown; he fau---ci---ly without controul,



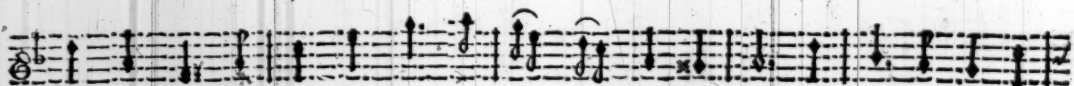
burns all that does oppose him down.

Dr. John. Blow.

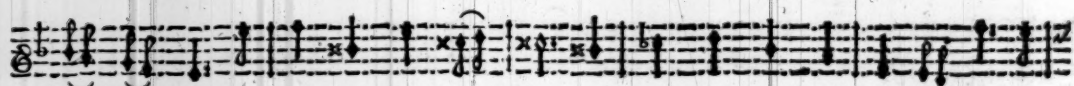
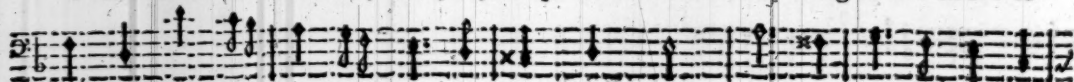




E. happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind, teach me the Art of Love; that



I the like suc—cess may find, my Shep—her—dess to move; Long have I strove to



win her Heart, but yet a—las! in vain; for she still acts one cru—el part, of



Ri—gour and Disdain.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

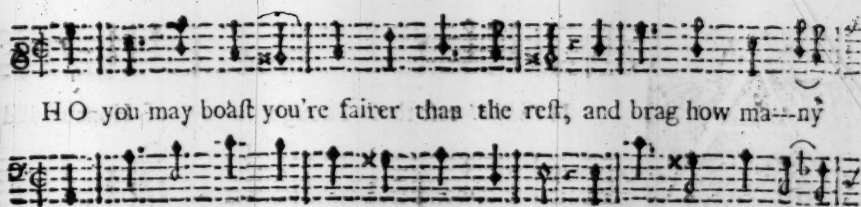


II.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure,
Consumes my Life away;
Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
Languishing night and day:
Yet she regardless of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound she gave.

III.

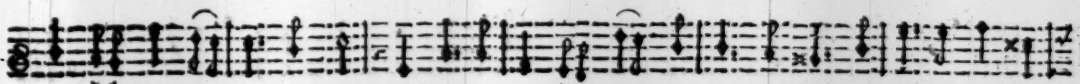
What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate!
I'm punish'd so severe;
Tell me, that I may expiate,
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have resolv'd, that I
No Mercy shall obtain;
Let her persist in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.



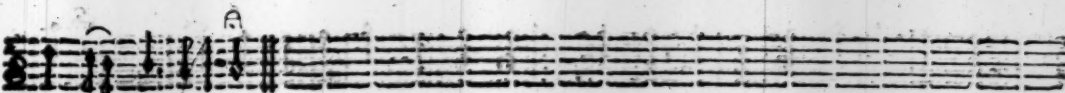
H O you may boast you're fairer than the rest, and brag how ma--ny



Triumphs you have gain'd, yet shall your Beau--ty ne're my Soul mo--left, since by your

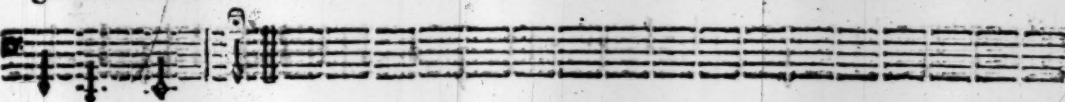


Sex I've been so much disdain'd: He who is of--ten dri--ven to Despair, becomes at last re-



gardless of the Fair.

Mr. William Turner.



II.

Know *Celia* then, I'll scorn as well as you,
And never more to Woman-kind submit;
Your Tyrant-Graces can't my Heart subdue,
Nor can you conquer with your pow'ful Wit:
I'm now secure from all Love's cruel Harms,
And have prepar'd against them Counter-charms.

III.

They who have follow'd long Love's idle Trade,
And do on all they see dote and admire;
Will, when repuls'd, find Passion quite decay'd,
And so contemn what once they did desire:
This common Fate, alas! few can prevent,
We first must sin, before we can Repent.



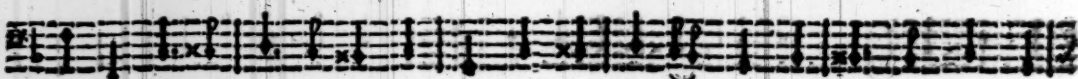
H *Phillis*! cast those Thoughts away, of Honour and Discretion; such



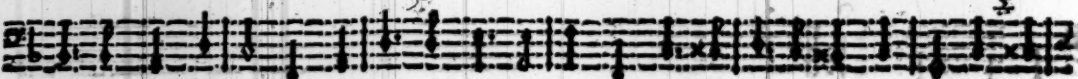
foolish words of old might sway, but now they're out of fashion: De-fer-ring Time, both



ruines quite the Chymist and the Lo-ver; the hap-py Moment which they slight, they

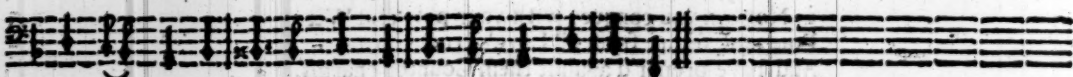


ne-ver can re-co-ver. Then let's be happy while we may, no more defend your Treasure; since

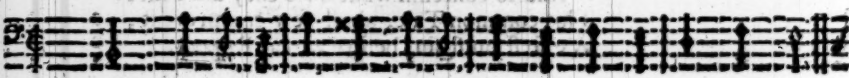
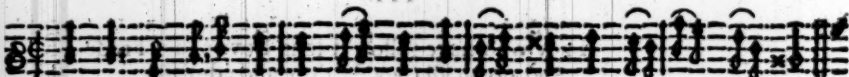


Life makes so much hast away, let's spend it all in Pleasure.

Mr. John Lenson.



Leasures by An-gels un-en-joy'd, on Glo-ri-a-na's Smiles do wait;

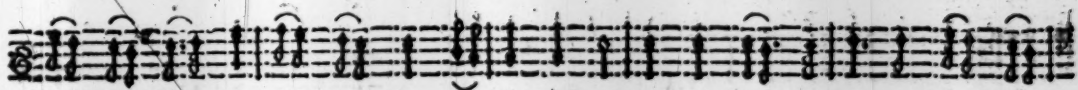




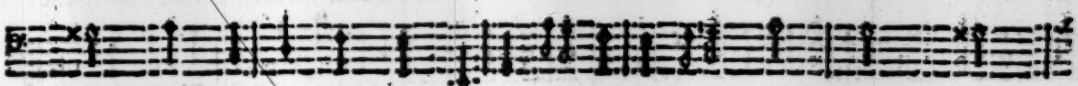
She's Heav'n's Glo-ry, Nature's Pride, her Sex-es En—vy our Delight: Life and Death on



her depend, the Fates her Smiles and Frowns attend; in her all Per--fe-ctions meet, her

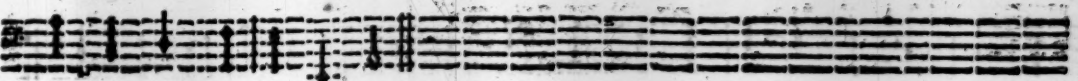


Beau-ty's not more charming than her Wit; in her all Per--fe-ctions meet, her Beauty's



not more charming than her Wit.

Dr. John Blow.



II.

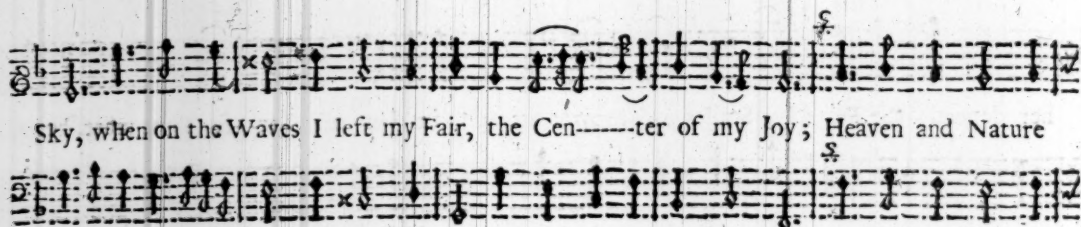
Love sits with Triumph in her Eyes,
Fitting for every Look a Dart;
Which from her swift as Lightning flies,
And never fails to wound a Heart:
Every motion does inspire,
Endless Passion, strong Desire;
What other Beauties give and claim,
Is, like themselves, a false decaying Flame.

III.

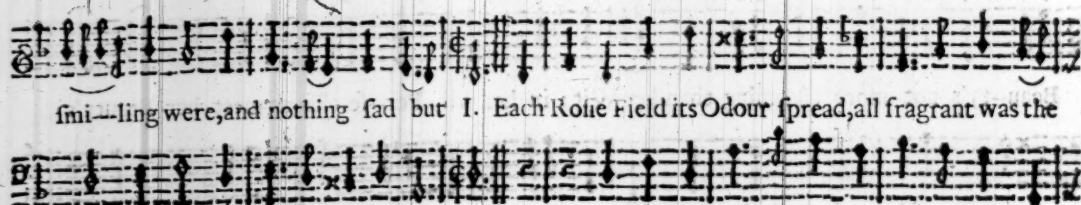
Love in one moment greater grows,
When by those lovely Charms convey'd;
Then what from years of Worship flows:
When by another's Beauty made:
All those Pains Despair attend,
Can ne're my hopeless Passion end?
There's joy in suff'ring caus'd by you,
More than the happiest Lover e're knew.



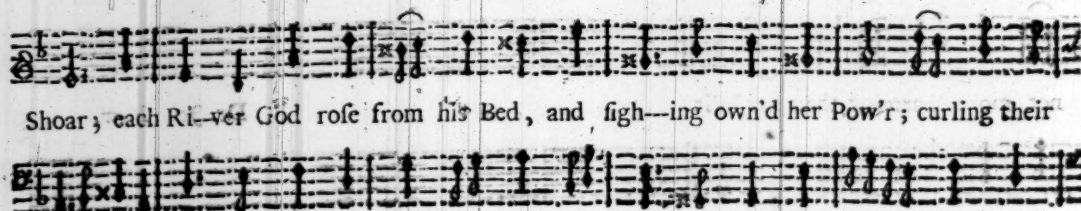
Right was the Morning, and cool the Air, se- rene was all the



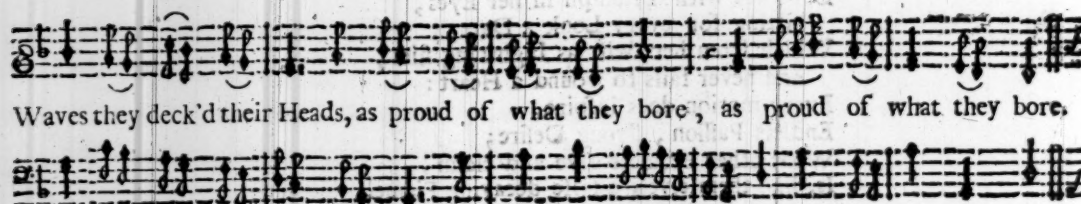
Sky, when on the Waves I left my Fair, the Cen-ter of my Joy; Heaven and Nature



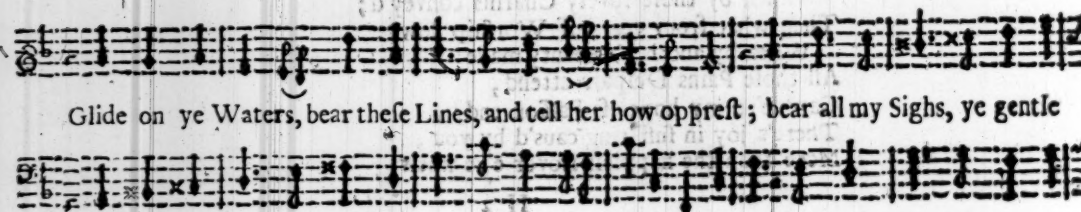
smi-ling were, and nothing sad but I. Each Rorie Field its Odour spread, all fragrant was the



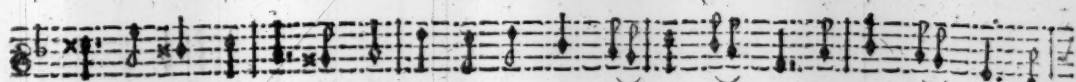
Shoar; each Ri-ver God rose from his Bed, and sigh-ing own'd her Pow'r; curling their



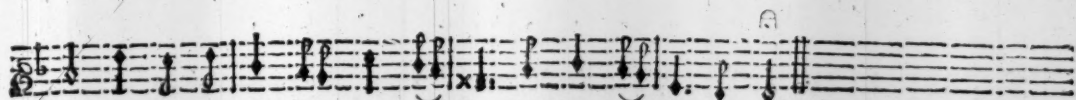
Waves they deck'd their Heads, as proud of what they bore, as proud of what they bore.



Glide on ye Waters, bear these Lines, and tell her how oppress'd; bear all my Sighs, ye gentle

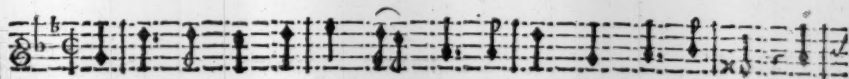
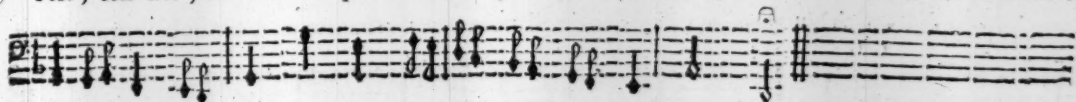


Winds, and waft them to her Breast: Tell her, if e're she prove un-kind, I ne-ver shall have



rest; tell her, if e're she prove unkind, I ne-ver shall have rest.

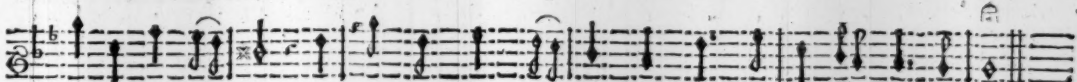
Mr. William Turner.



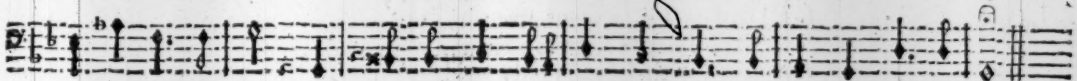
H *Phillis!* had you ne-ver lov'd, your Hate I could have born; con-



ten-ted-ly I could have prov'd the Object of your Scorn: But you were once as soft as kind, as



yielding Virgins be; Gods! that that Face should have a mind, stain'd with In-con-stant-cy.



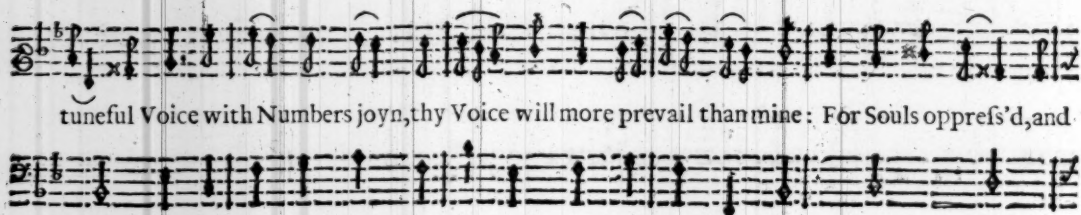
Mr. William Turner.

II.

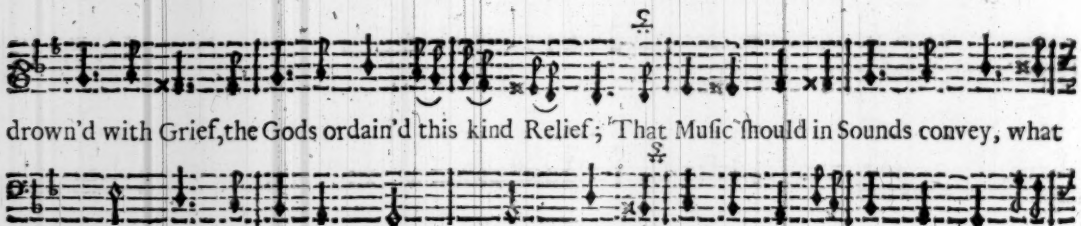
No Tongue can tell the Joy
Your kindness did create;
But the sweet Rapture you destroy,
With sudden causeless Hate,
So have I seen the Rising-Sun
Promise a glorious Day;
But soon o'rcast, the brightness gone,
Did to rough Storms give way.



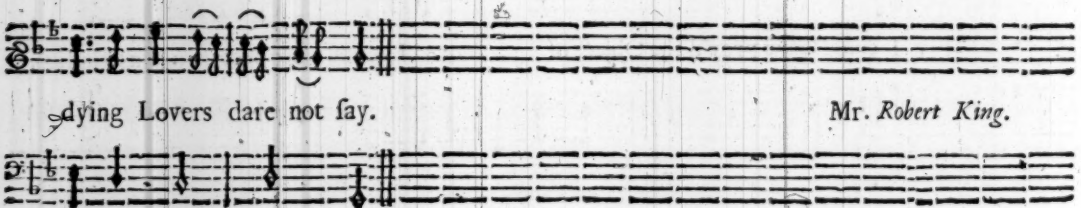
O tell *A-min-ter*, gentle Swain, I would not dye, nor dare complain; thy



tuneful Voice with Numbers joyn, thy Voice will more prevail than mine: For Souls oppress'd, and



drown'd with Grief, the Gods ordain'd this kind Relief; That Music should in Sounds convey, what

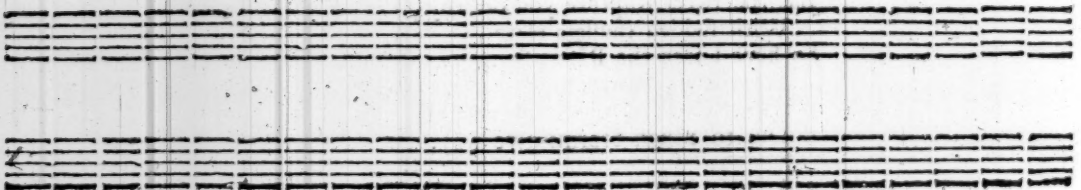


dying Lovers dare not say.

Mr. Robert King.

II.

A Sigh, or Tear, perhaps she'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her, That Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid:
Tell her, My Pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress;
For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

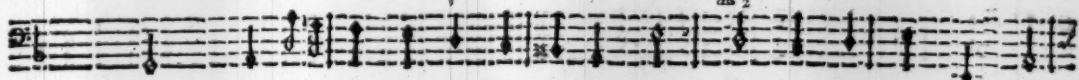




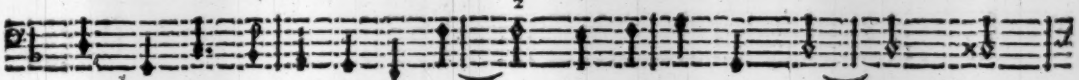
Y Heart, when e——ver you appear, does something so de-



light——ful find; that had I no al-lays of Fear, my Joys cou'd not be more sublime:



Had you less Beau-ty in your Eyes, my Love and I might live in Peace; in them such pow'r of



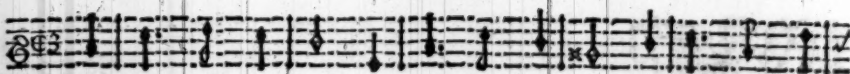
char——ming lies, our Ri--vals ev'ry day encrease, Mr. Henry Purcell.



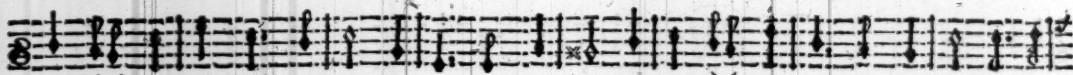
II.

But tho' a thousand Hearts there be,
To you their Adoration owe;
In this you are as poor as we,
You have but one you can bestow:
'Tis this that gives me all my Care,
Whilst trembling for my Doom I stand;
'Tis this that racks me with Despair,
For fear I should not be the Man.

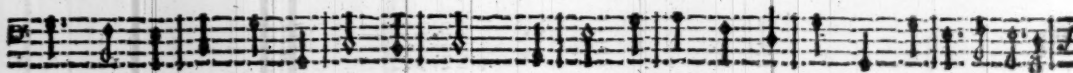




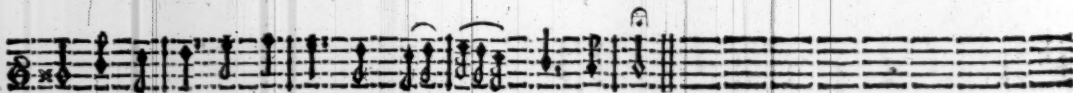
Y Life, and my Death, are both in your pow'r, I ne—ver was



wretched 'till this cru-el hour; sometimes, it is true, you tell me you love, but a-las! that's too



kind for me e—ver to prove: Could you guess with what Pain my poor Heart is op-



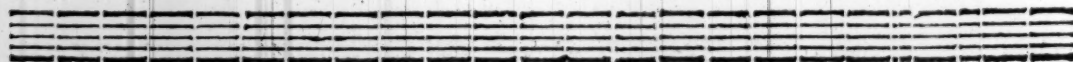
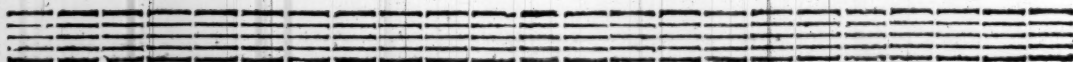
prest, I am sure my *A-lex—s* would soon make me blest.

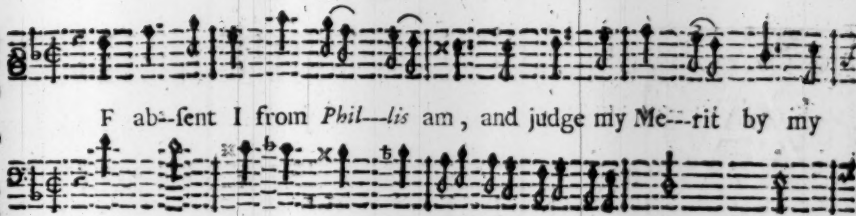
Mr. William Turner.



II.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly roye,
Thus sighing and musing, 'tis all for my Love;
No place I can find that does yield me Relief,
My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
But when my kind Stars let me see him, (oh then!)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

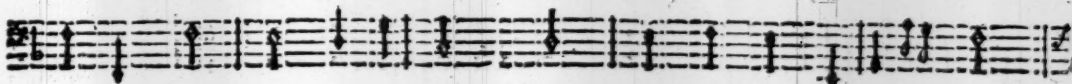




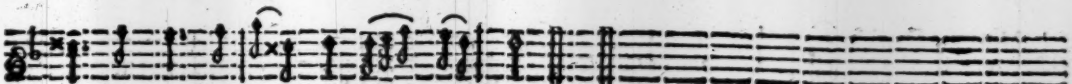
F ab-sent I from Phil-lis am, and judge my Me-rit by my



Love; strait I resolve to own my Flame, and hope I may suc-cess-ful prove: But when her



Beauty I behold, and each sur-pri-sing Charm admire; I think a Monarch were too



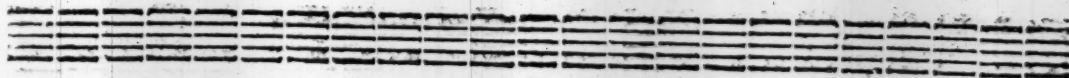
bold, if he did to her Love a-spire.

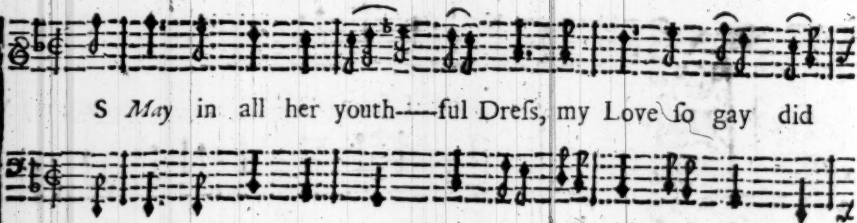
Mr. Robert King.



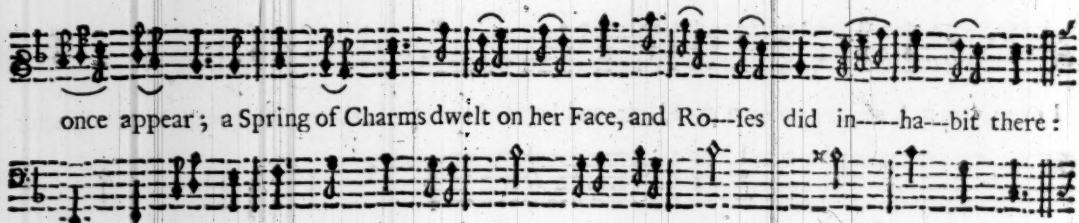
II.

Then quite despairing of my Fate,
 I all amaz'd and silent stray;
 Nor dare, so much I dread her Fate,
 One Sigh and tender Look betray:
 Thus they who most their Alms deserve;
 Asham'd to beg, unpity'd starve;
 While oft with Calls, and clamorous Grief,
 The sawcy Begger gets Relief.

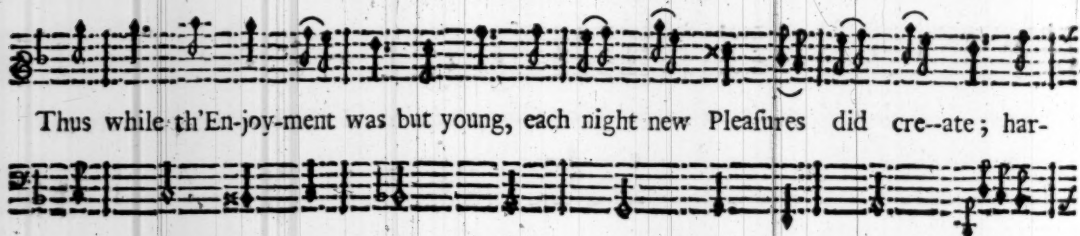




S May in all her youth—ful Drefs, my Love fo gay did



once appear; a Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face, and Ro—fes did in—ha—bit there:



Thus while th'En-joy-ment was but young, each night new Pleasures did cre-ate; har-



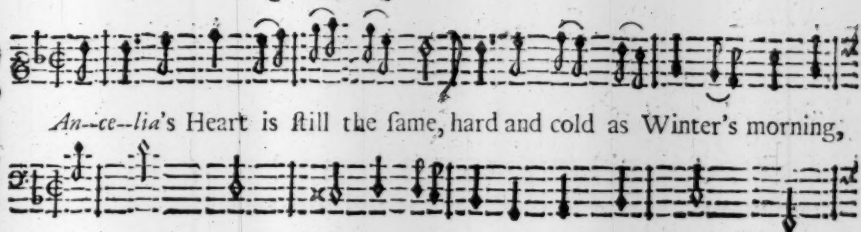
monious words dropp'd from her Tongue, and Cu—pid on her Forehead fate.

Mr. Samuel Akroyde.

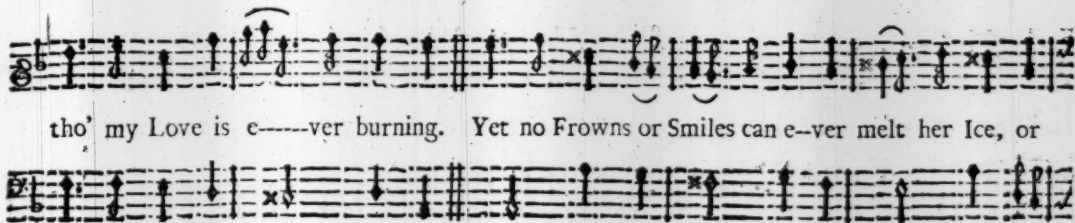
II.

But as the Sun to West declines,
The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
And all its blushing Looks resigns,
To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
My Cloe then was kind and gay;
But when by time I lost the Charm,
Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.





An--ce--lia's Heart is still the same, hard and cold as Winter's morning,



tho' my Love is e--ver burning. Yet no Frowns or Smiles can e--ver melt her Ice, or



cool my Feaver, melt her Ice, or cool my Feaver.

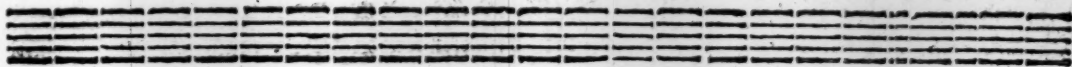
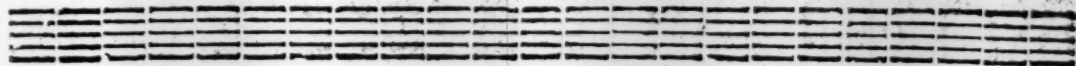
Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

II.

So long I talk and think of Love,
All the Groves and Streams can name her,
All the Nymphs and Eccho's blame her.
If she keeps her cruel fashion,
Nought but Death can ease my Passion.

III.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
All the Looks with which I languish,
Moves not her to any feeling,
Beauty takes delight in killing.

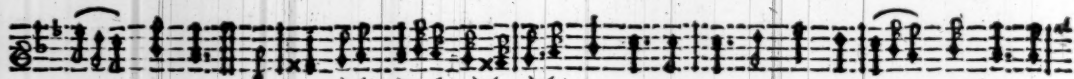


A. 2 Voc.

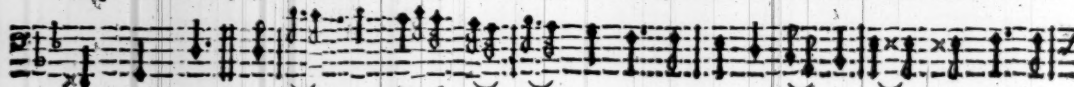


Long by Disdain has *Ce-lia* strove, to con—quer *Stre—phon's*

Long by Disdain has *Ce-lia* strove, to conquer *Stre—phon's*



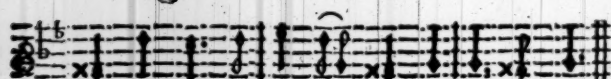
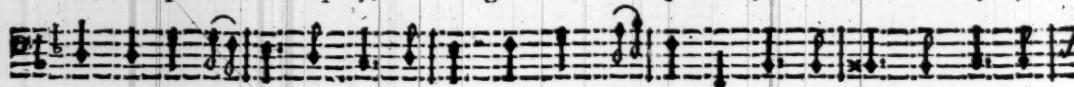
hopeless Love; but still in vain, in vain she strives, amidst a thousand Pains it lives: To



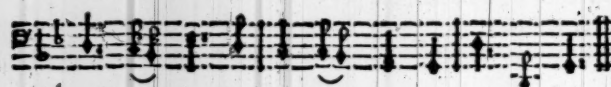
hopeless Love; but still in vain, in vain, &c.



fierce un—qui—et Cares a prey, his Love grows as his Hopes decay; but still with Pray'rs, and



Tears, and Vows, his fair Tor-men-tor he pursues.



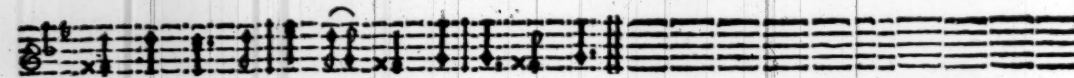
All ways, all times, the Wretch has try'd,
In her best humours been deny'd;
When pity did good Nature aid,
With all the tenderness it had:
When Reason against Fancy strove,
With powerful Arguments for Love;
Such Love as she must needs esteem,
And like, had it not come from him.



But ah! how can she give Despair, since she so charming is, and fair? Still her sharp Answers



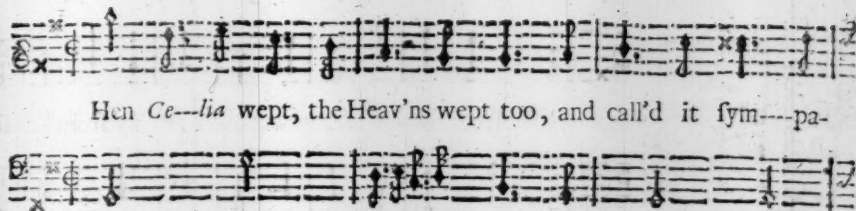
But ah! &c.



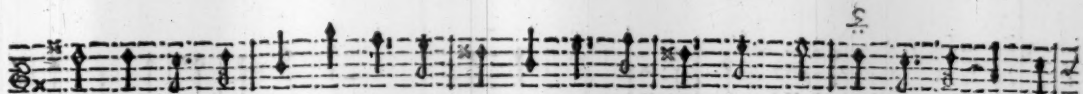
shall be born, her Eyes more force have than her Scorn.

Dr. John Blow.

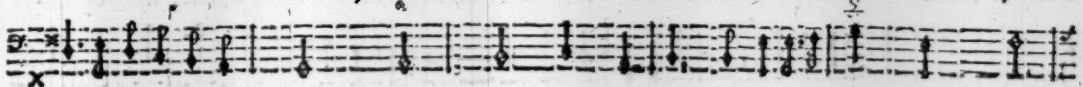


Very Slow.

Hen Ce--lia wept, the Heav'ns wept too, and call'd it sym--pa-



thies; but 'twas because they could not weep such Pearls as her bright Eyes: Straitway she dry'd her



dew-ey Cheeks, they smil'd to look like her; but ah! their Con--test was as weak, as



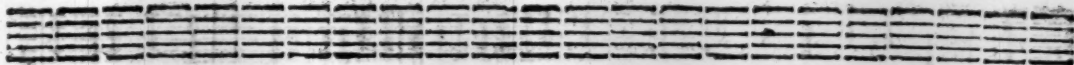
Darkness to a Star.

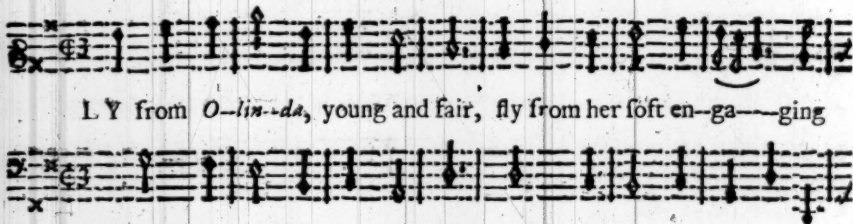
Mr. John Lenton.



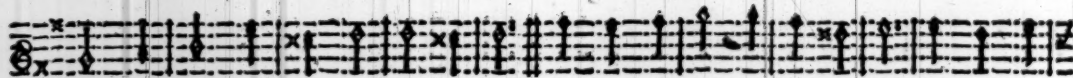
II.

Cease; cease your Emulation then,
Fond Sphears, be rul'd by me;
Strive to preserve your Gods and Men
By Contrariety:
Smile when she weeps, to dry those Streams;
Lest (delug'd) Men expire;
Weep when she smiles, to cool those Beams;
And save your selves from Fire.

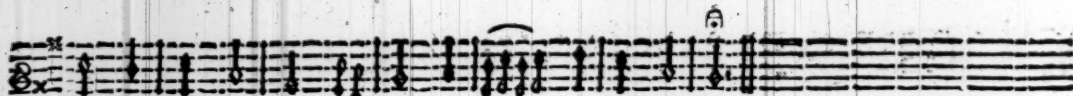
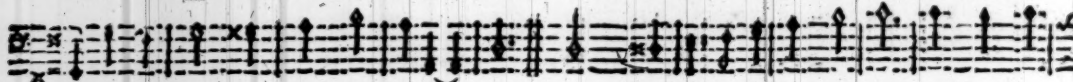




LY from O-lin-da, young and fair, fly from her soft en-ga—ging



Air, and Wit in Woman found so rare. Tho' all her Looks to Love advise, his yet un-



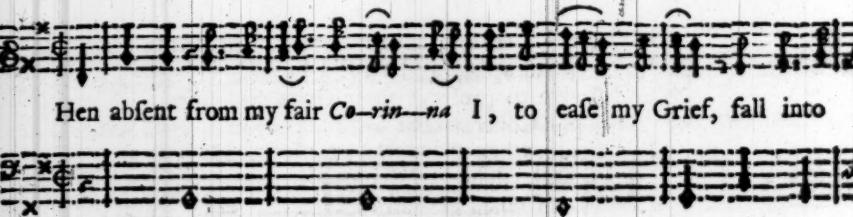
conquer'd Heart de-nies, and breaks the pro-mise of her Eyes.

Mr. Robert King.

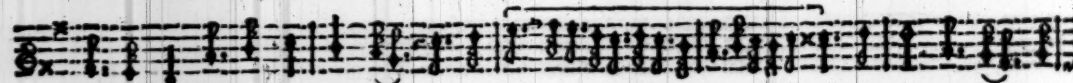


II.

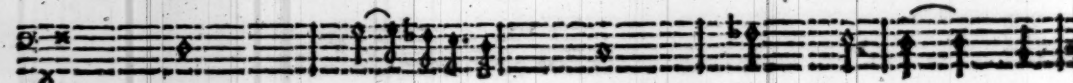
Wast not your Youth in coy Disdain,
Hope not your Beauties pleasing Reign,
By ways of Rigour to maintain.
If we to Kings Obedience owe,
Or to the Gods with Incense go,
'Tis for the Blessing they bestow.



Hen absent from my fair Co-rin-na I, to ease my Grief, fall into

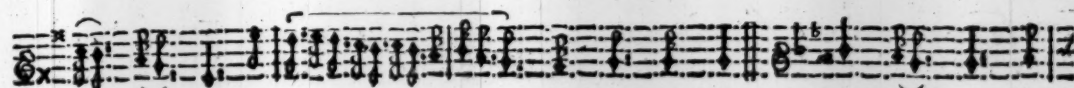
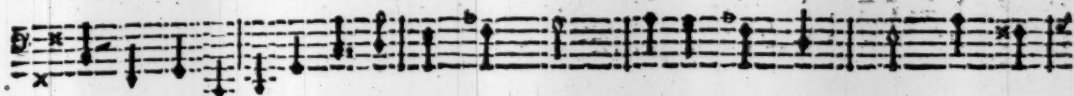


Po-e-try; courting Enjoyment from a gen—tle Muse, 'till by Di-

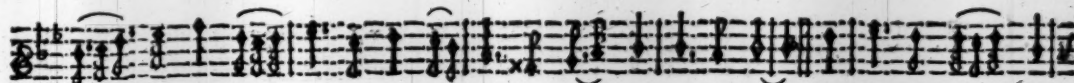
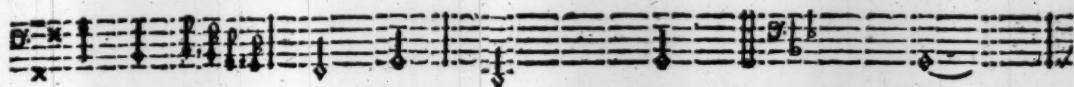




straction I my Fancy lose: So wret—ched Men that sun—dry Med'cines try, as



oft en-crease as cu—re their Ma—la—dy. Cru—el Pow'rs! that



wound with such delight, affording Love to make us perish by't! Else, why this distance



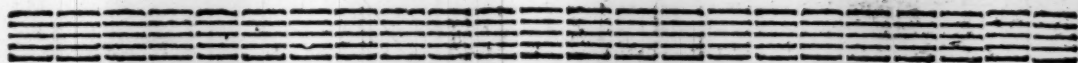
should they place between conq'ring *Co-rin-na*, and her vanquish'd Swain? The frown of Fortune



oft our Bo—dies parts, 'tis Death alone di—vides u—ni—ted Hearts.



Mr. James Hart.





AY my Heart, what shall I do, Love or hate her, which o'th' two?

say my Heart, what shall I do? Thus through doubtful untrac'd ways, tread we Love's am-

biguous Maze: Let us move then, let us move, where-fo-e-ver led by Love.

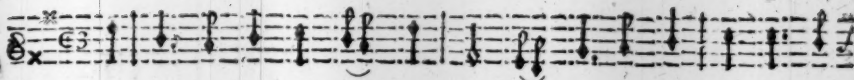
'Tis true indeed, she's coy and proud, proud as all the beauteous Croud; 'tis true indeed, but

'Tis true indeed, she's coy and pro-ud, &c.

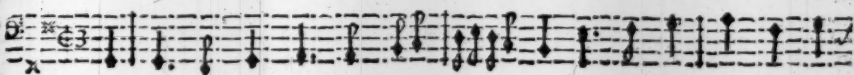
'tis as true, she's gay, young, lovely, wit-ty too; mo-ve thi-ther

then, my Heart, let's move, I am resolv'd, resolv'd to love.

Mr. James Hart.



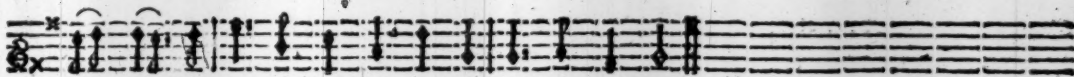
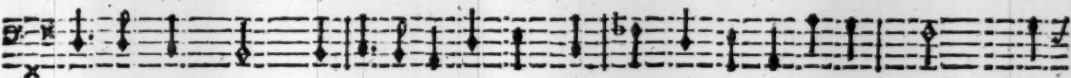
OW sweet is the Pas-sion of Love! how gay is the Joy of the



Soul! how pleasing those Fa--vous do prove, whose kindness does Fortune controul! Her

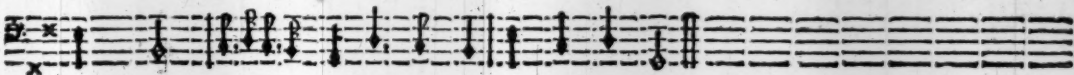


Eyes that with In--flu--ence shone, obtain'd such a So--ve-reign Pow'r; th'exhal'd out my



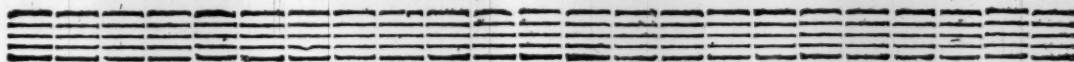
Soul like the Sun, when it draws up the Dew from a Flow'r.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B.M.

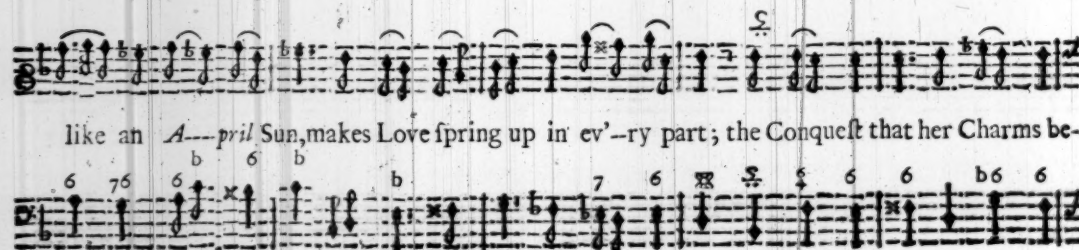
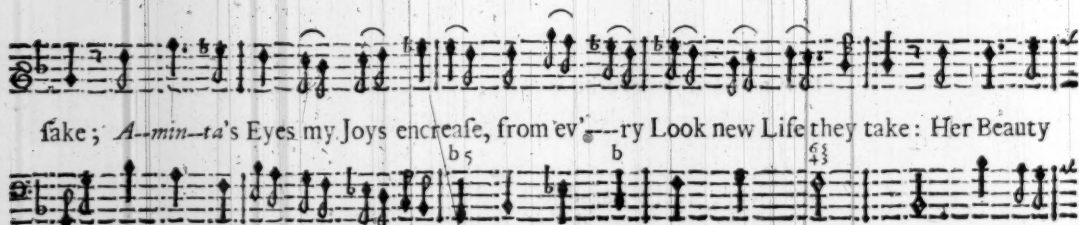
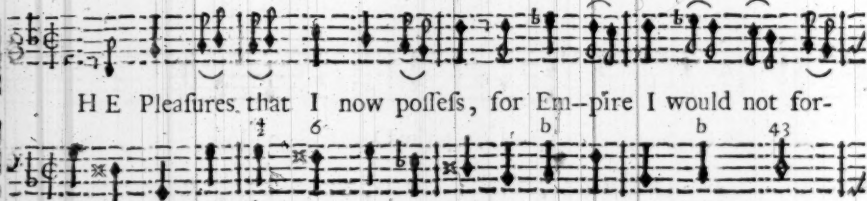
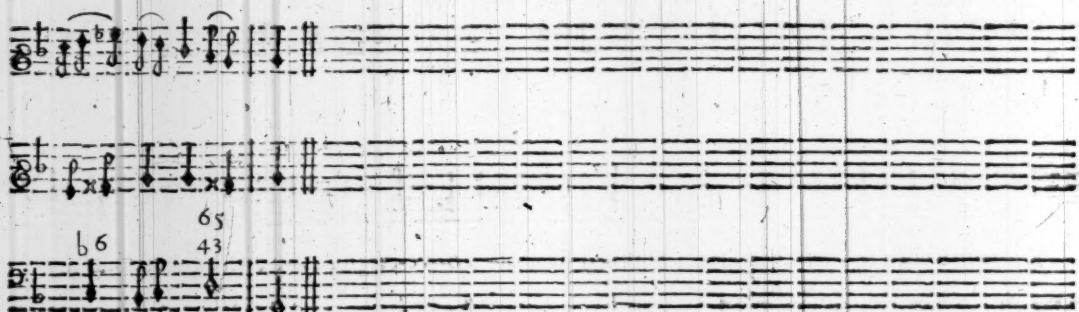


II.

Let no Man believe he is wise,
By applauding the Musical Sphere;
But turn his Ear to her Voice,
And all that is Charming is there:
My Heart in the Paradise Land,
Within her sweet Bosom, I lost,
And with every touch of her hand,
I was ready to give up the Ghost.



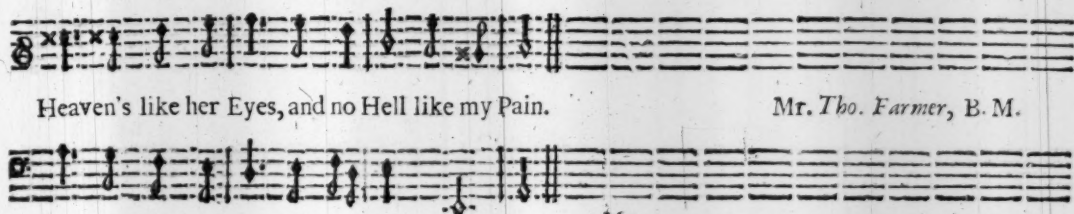
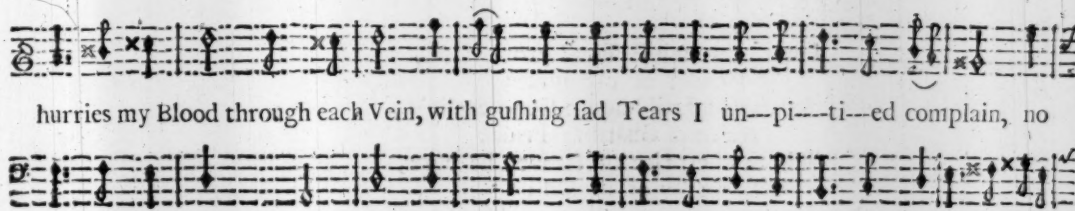
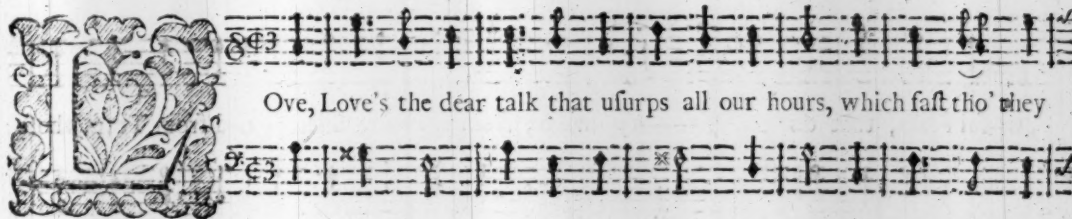
Symphony to the following Song.





II.

While her ſoft Smiles forbid Deſpair,
 No reſtleſs Thoughts torment my Mind;
 For *France* nor *Flanders* I prepair,
 But how to make her yet more kind:
 The greateſt *Hero* owes that name,
 To Slaves who have his Laurels won;
 I chuſe yet as a nobler Fame,
 To live or dye for her alone.





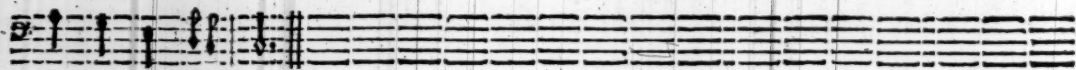
E Vir--gin Pow'rs, defend my Heart from am'rous Looks and Smiles; from



faw--cy Love, or ni--cer Art, which most our Sex beguiles: From Sighs and Vows, from



aw--ful Fears, that do to pi--ty move; from speaking Silence, and from Tears, those



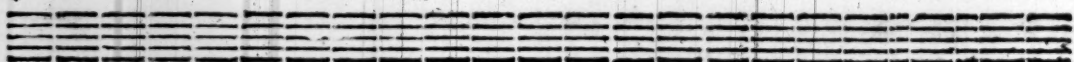
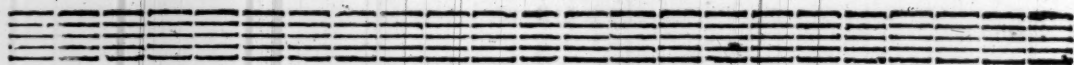
Springs that wa--ter Love.

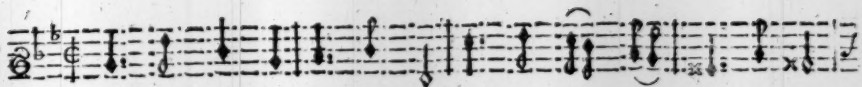
Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



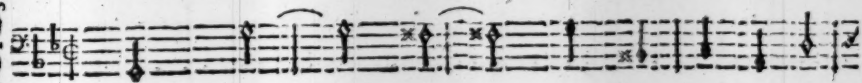
II.

But if through Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my guide;
 And where frail Nature seems enclin'd,
 There fix a Guard of Pride:
 'Tis fit the price of Heaven be pure,
 And worthy of its Aid;
 For those that think themselves secure,
 The soonest are betray'd.





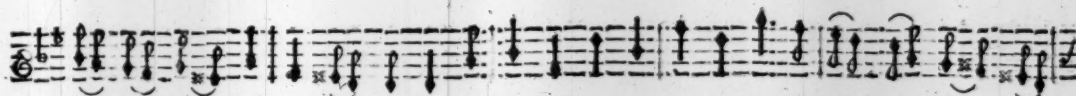
Ove is now become a Trade, all its Joys are bought and sold;



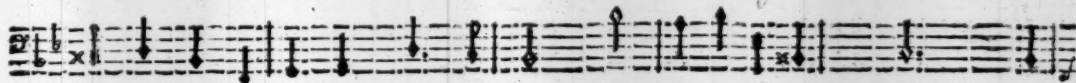
Money is a Fea---ture made, and Beau--ty is con--fin'd to Gold: Courtship is but



terms of Art; Portion, Set--tle--ment, and Dow'r, soften the most ob-du-rate Heart, the



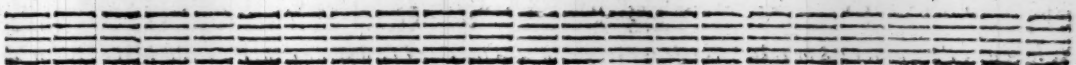
Lawyer is the on--ly wooer. My Stock can never reach a Wife, it may a small Re-



tai---ling Whore; let Men of Fortune buy for Life, a Night's a purchase for the Poor.



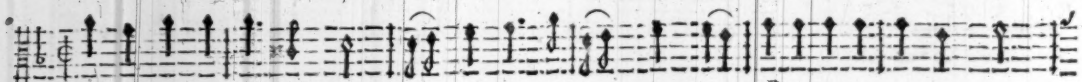
Mr. Henry Purcell.



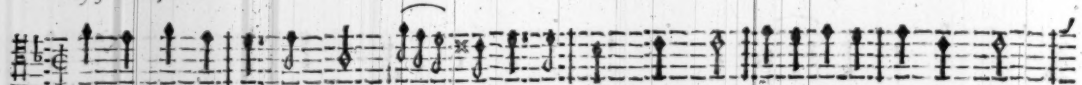
CHORUS to the following SONG.



W Hy should all things bow to Love, Men be-low, and Gods above, why should all things bow to



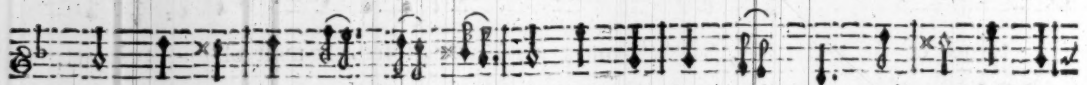
W Hy should, &c.



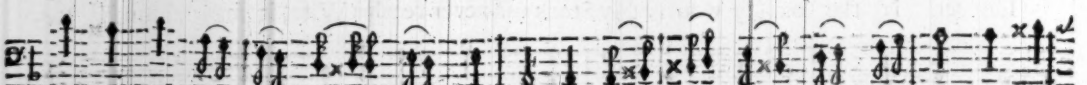
W Hy should, &c.



W Hy should all things bow to Love, Men below, and Gods a-bove, why should all things bow to Love,



Love; Death and Fate more aw-ful move, Death be-low, and Fate a-bove, Death be-



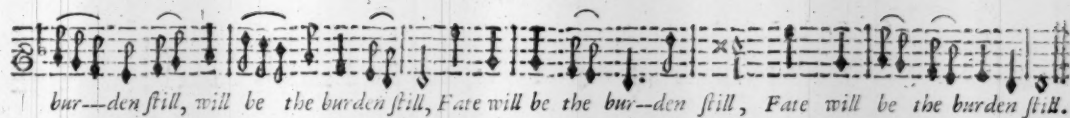
Death and Fate, and Fate, more aw-ful move, Death be-low, and Fate a-bove, Death be-



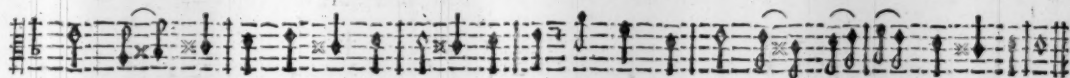
low, and Fate a-bove. Mortals, Mortals, try your skill, seeking Good, or shunning Ill, Fate will be the



low, and Fate above: Mortals, Mortals, try your skill, seeking Good, or shunning Ill, Fate will be the burden

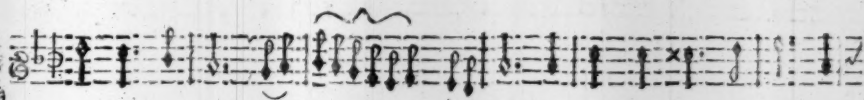


bur--den still, will be the burden still, Fate will be the bur--den still, Fate will be the burden still.



still, Fate will be the burden still, Fate will be the bur--den still, Fate will be the burden still.

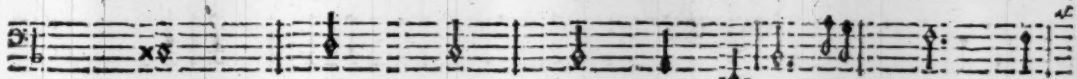
SONG.



WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floo--ds unbind, for Strephon's now no more; your



Tresses spread be--fore the Wind, and leave the ha--ted Shoar: See, see, up--on the



craggy Rocks, each Goddess's stripp'd appears; they beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks, and



swell the Sea with Tears. Dr. John Blow.



II.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had sworn by Styx to shew his Power,
He'd kill a Man e're morn':
For Strephon's Breast he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember when I am dead,
That I deserve the Prize:

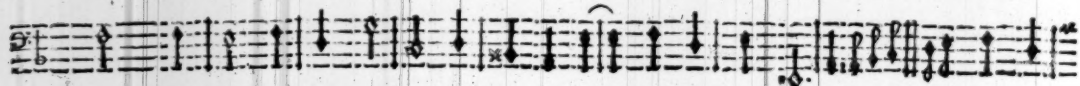
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.



Reak *Cupid*, break thy feeble Bow, and burn thy use—less Darts;



what Pow-er does thy Godhead show, in woun—ding sin—gle Hearts: Each Mortal



Hand can do the like, their Shafts as sure—ly fly; but diſtant Marks at once to



ſtrike, that's pure Di—vi—ni—ty. Then mighty Love, to ſhew thy Art and Pow'r



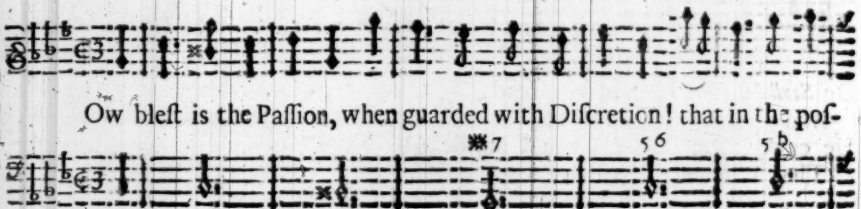
is all Di-vine; ſtrike through my Breaf, *Bel—lin—da's* Heart, and through *Bel—lin—da's* Mine.



Alex. Damascene.

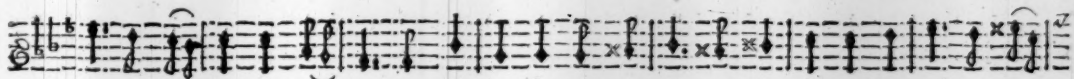


Ow bleſt is the Paſſion, when guarded with Diſcretion! that in the poſ-

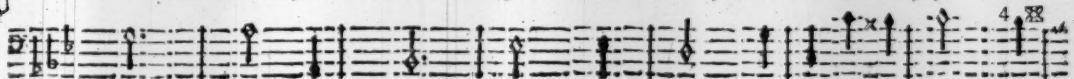




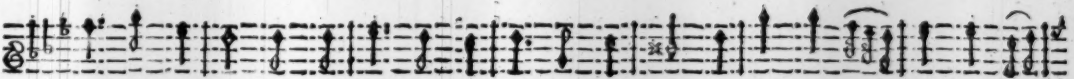
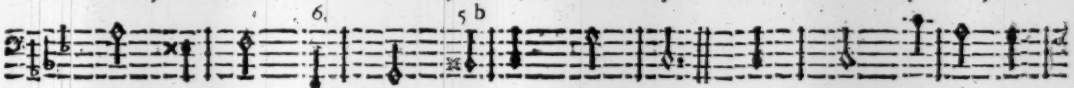
session no Fears can an-roy us? Like the Gods, we our Pleasure enjoy at our Leisure, and



love without measure, for who can destroy us? Like the Gods, we our Pleasure enjoy at our



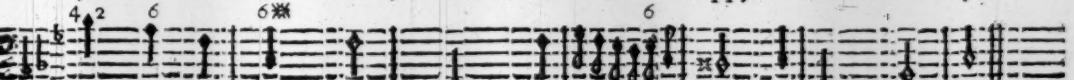
leisure, and love without measure, for who can destroy's? When secure in thy Arms, and



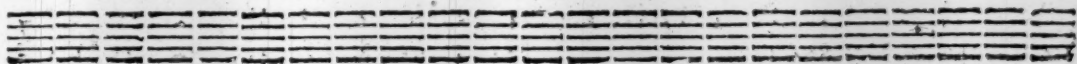
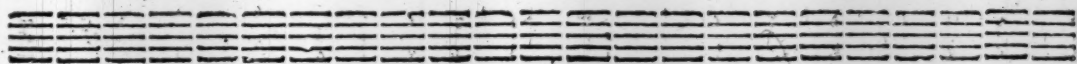
Treasure of Charms, like an ab--so--lute Monarch I'll be; no Power shall e--ver so



just a Pas--sion fe--ver, but I will be happy to E--ter--ni--ty.



Alex. Damascene.

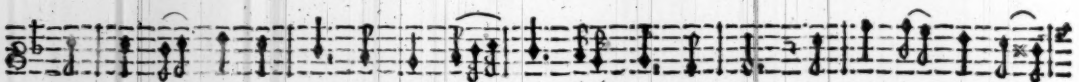
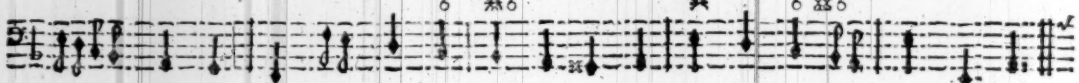




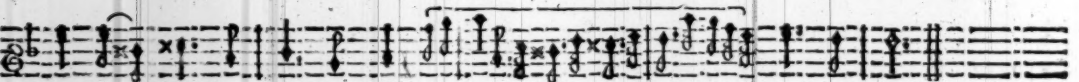
F Love did make its chief Abode on fading Cheeks and Eyes, I'de



spit up--on the tri-ling God, and all his Arts, and all, and all his Arts despise:



No gawdy Face should shake my rest, none of the fil-ly Fair should have Do-mi-nion



in my Breaſt, nor find, nor find a ————— n entrance there.



Alex. Damascene.

The Old Man's Wiſh.

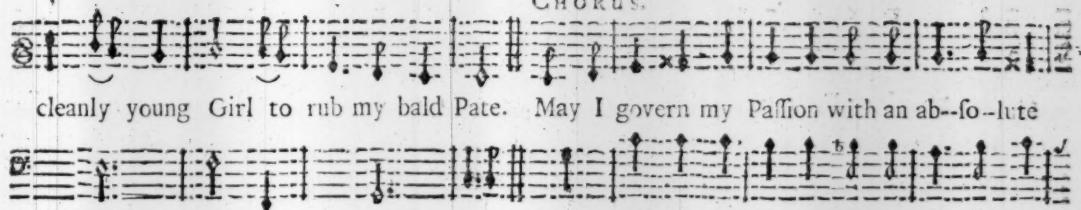


F I live to be old, for I find I go down, let this be my

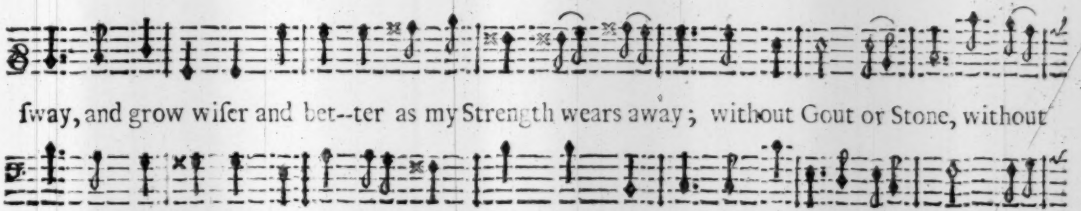


Fate in a Coun-try Town; may I have a warm Houſe with a Stone at the Gate, and a

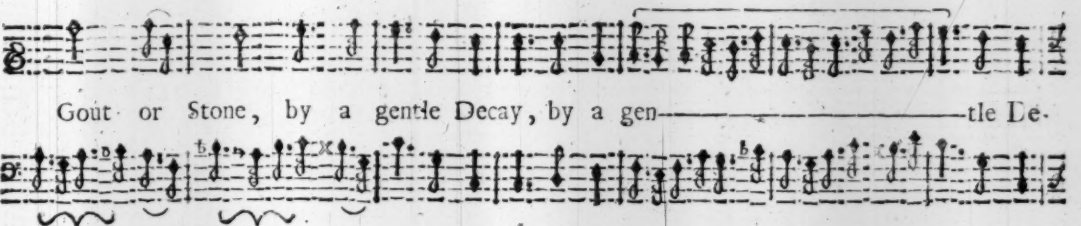




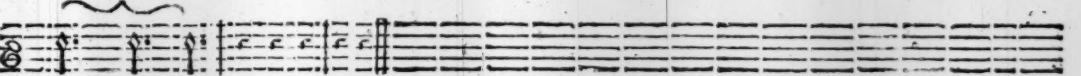
cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate. May I govern my Passion with an ab-so-lute



sway, and grow wiser and bet-ter as my Strength wears away; without Gout or Stone, without

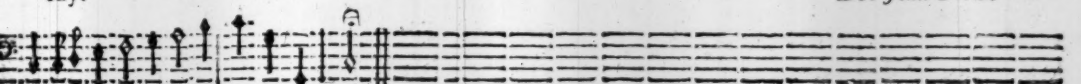


Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay, by a gen- - - - - tle De-



cay.

Dr. John Blow.



II.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance on which I may look;
With a spacious Plain; without Hedge or Stile,
And an ealie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*

III.

With *Horace* and *Plutarch*, and one or two more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean, though course, Linnen at every Meal.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*

IV.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcom the Vicar;
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health in as oft as I dine.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*

V.

With a Courage undaunted may I face the last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort fay,
(In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when mellow)
He's gone, and leaves not behind him his Fellow.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*



Adam, why does Love torment you, cannot I your Grief remove? Or is there

a—ny can content you, in the sweet Delights of Love? Oh! no, no, no, no; oh! no, no, no,

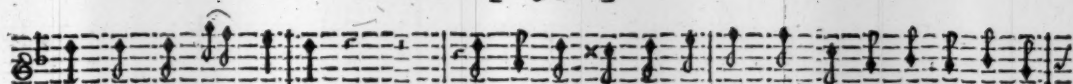
no. If I should chance to crave the favour, which your Lips in—vite me

to; would you not think't a light be—ha—viour, for to take a kiss or two? Oh! no, no, no,

no; oh! no, no, no, no.

Fair one, made of Beauty's wonder, if I presume your Breast to

touch; or if I attempt a lit—tle under, would you not think it too much? Oh, no, no, no,



no; oh! no, no, no, no.

Once more on-ly let me try you, then my Joys are fully



sped; if all this night I should lye by you, would you keep your Maiden-head? Oh! no, no, no,

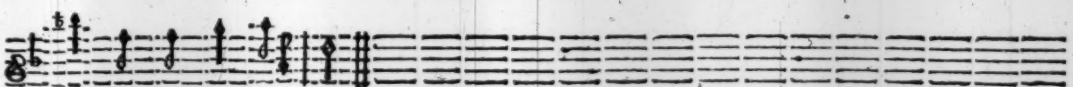


no; oh! no, no, no, no.

Could a--ny other please you better, prethee tell me e're I

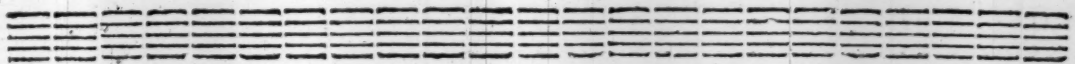
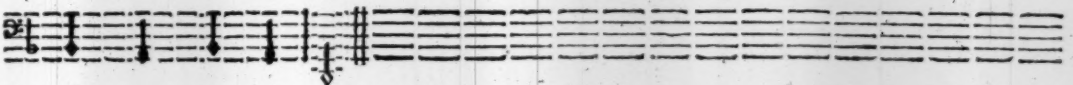


go? Or e-ver was a Night spent sweeter? Or e-ver were you tickl'd so? Oh! no, no, no,



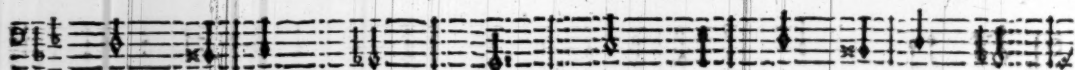
no; oh! no, no, no, no.

Senior *Petro Reggio.*

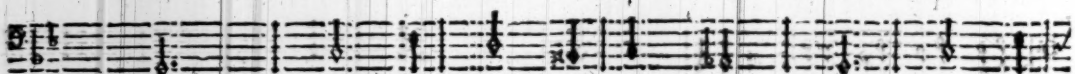




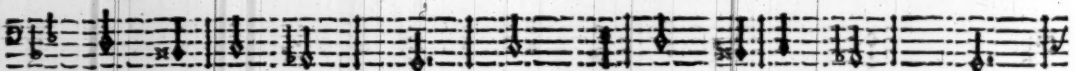
Ome, come a-way, let's to the May-Pole go, and see what Lads and



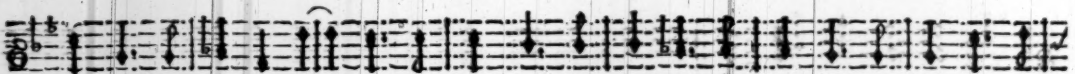
Laf-fes there may dan—cing be; *Tom* pro-mis'd to meet me there with pretty



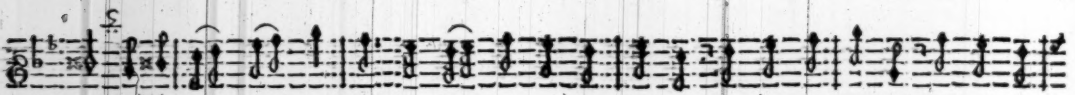
Molly, *Ralph* with *Bess*, *John* with *Joan*, to be ve—ry, ve—ry jol—ly; and ma—ny



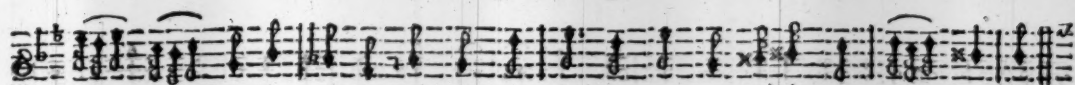
more-such pretty harmlefs Swains, that take delight, take delight to trace the Plains: Then a—



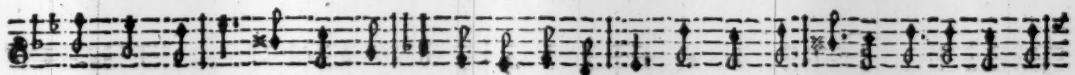
way, then a—way let's go to the place nam'd, for Shame still attends Sloth, and ought to be



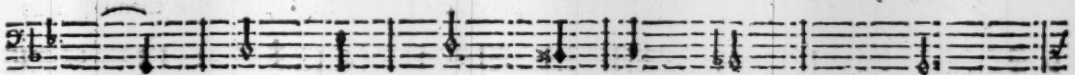
blam'd; make hast to see how they trip it to the Tabor, and how they labour, the little



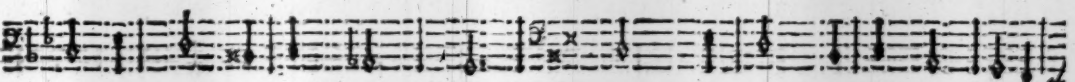
Birds in Confort chanting, there's nothing now but thou and I are wan---ting



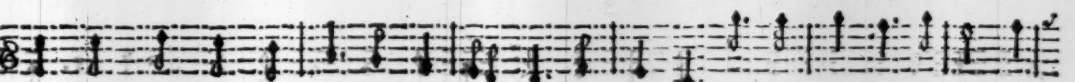
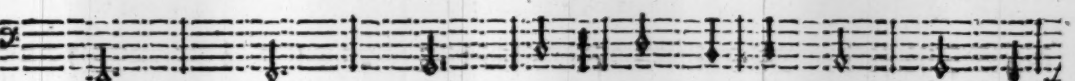
to crown the Day; make hast away, *Phœbus* leads the Dance, and calls, Come follow me, for I ad-



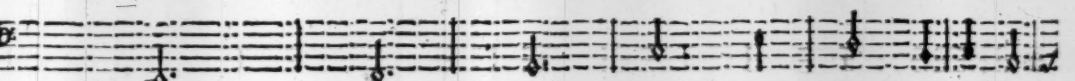
vance; and calls, Follow me, I advance. You're welcom, fair Couple, to this Rural Band,



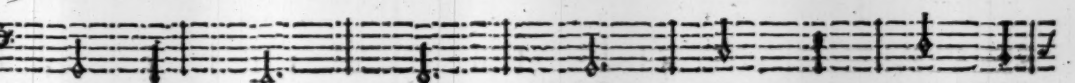
let's have a Song, but first joyn hand in hand: Blest be the day that affords us such



weather, let us re-joyce now we are come to---ge--ther. Let the fame of our Mirth af-

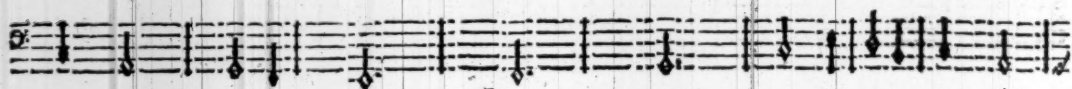


cend to the Court, *Phœbus*, tell the La-dies how we sport: How in---no--cent and harm-





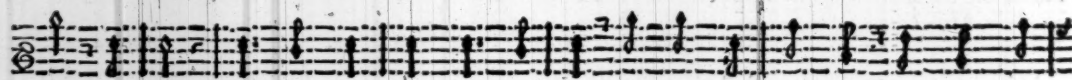
less are our Pleasures, without sus-pi-cion of our Vir-gin Treasures. Stay, go not a-



way, their Deeds are such, they care not much to partake of a--ny Light, but what themselves do



make; our Waistcoat green, our Ruddy Face, shelter'd beneath a Straw Bonnet, is as good as the



Hood they wear, we're as ho--nest, we're as fair: They have their Coaches, while we do



foot it here without Reproaches. Fresh Air's our Blessing, ne mock Careless, our Swains are

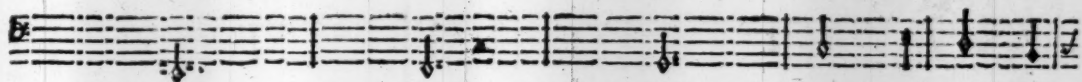


wholesome, but theirs are fulsome. And why if we say I, when courted, they'll believe us, we have no





cause to fear that they'll deceive us; when they've protested, they ne-ver leave us, to Languish as

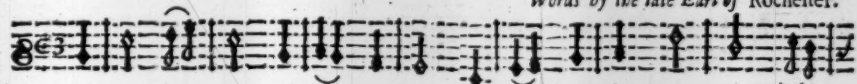


gay La-----dies do, when they have done all they can, there's no return but Woe.



Mr. William Gregory.

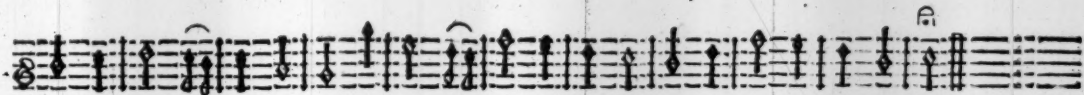
Words by the late Earl of Rochester.



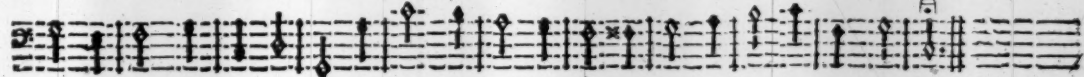
Hat cru--el pains Co--rin--na takes, to force that harmless Frown; when



not a Charm her Face forfakes, Love cannot lose his own: So sweet a Face, so soft a



Heart, such Eyes so ve-ry kind; betray, a-las! the fil-ly Art Vertue had ill design'd.



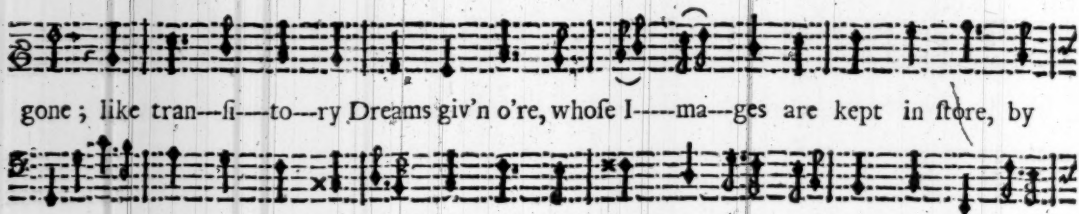
Mr. Snow.

II.

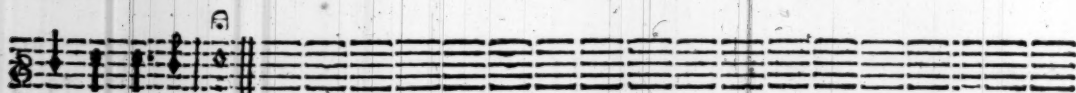
Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
The affected Rules of Honour:
The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When Passion pleaded to her;
That much she fears (and more she loves)
Her Vassal should undo her.



ALL my past Life is mine no more, the fly—ing Hours are



gone; like tran—si—to—ry Dreams giv'n o're, whose I—ma—ges are kept in store, by



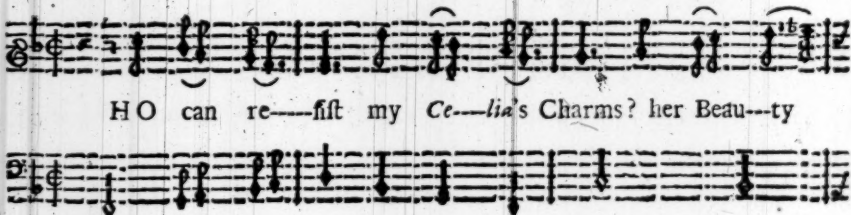
Me—mo—ry a—lone.

Dr. John Blow.

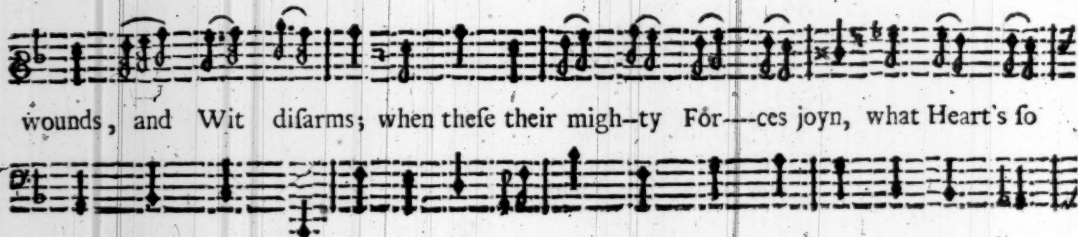
II.
What ever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phyllis is wholly thine.

III.
Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I by Miracle can be,
This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
It's all that Heaven allows.

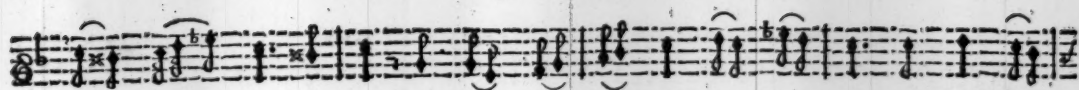
This and the following Song are sung in the Play of the Duke and no Duke.



HO can re—sist my Ce—lia's Charms? her Beau—ty



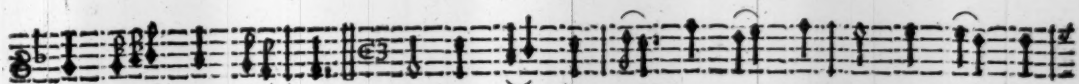
wounds, and Wit difarms; when these their migh—ty For—ces joyn, what Heart's so



strong but must re-sign? Love seems to pro-mise in her Eyes, a kind and



la—sting Age of Joys; but have a care, their Trea-son shun, I look'd, be-



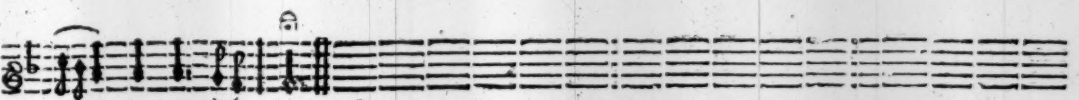
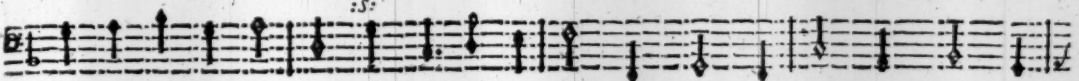
liev'd, and was un-done, —done. In vain a thousand ways I strive, to keep my



fain—ting Hopes a—live; my Love can ne—ver find re—ward, since Pride and

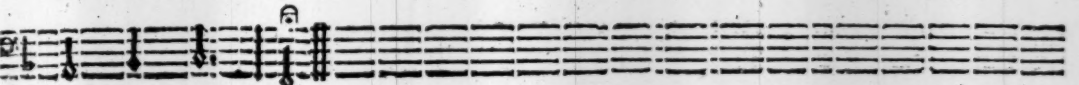


Ho—nour is her Guard; my Love can ne—ver find re—ward, since Pride and



Ho—nour is her Guard.

Sen. Baptiſt.





H poor O—lin—da ! ne—ver boast of Charms that have thy

Free—dom cost, they threw at Hearts, and thine is lost. Yet none thy Ru—ine

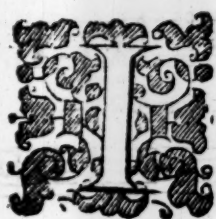
ought to blame, his Wit first blew me to a flame, and fans it with the

Wings of Fame, and fans it with the Wings of Fame.

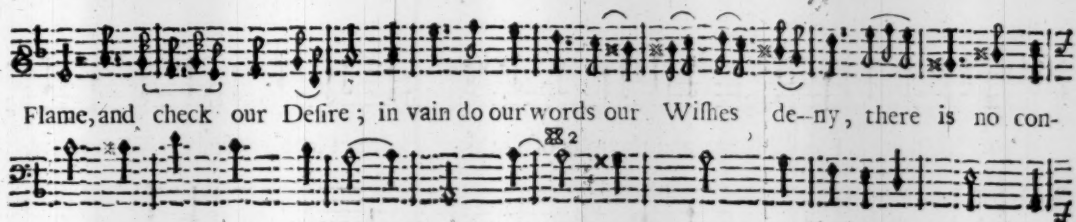
Mr. Robert King.

II.

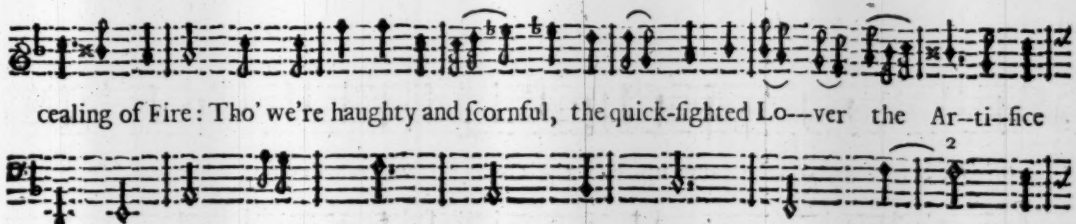
In vain do I his Person shun,
I cannot from his Glory run,
That's Universal as the Sun.
In Crowds his Praises fill my Ear,
Alone his Genius does appear,
He, like a God, is every where.



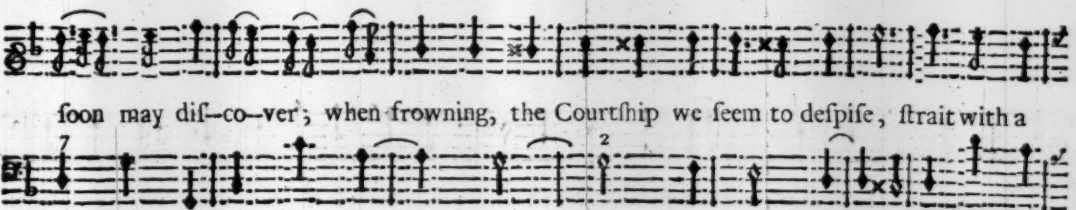
N vain we dis-sem-ble, in vain do we try to fl—fle our



Flame, and check our Desire; in vain do our words our Wishes de-ny, there is no con-



cealing of Fire: Tho' we're haughty and scornful, the quick-sighted Lo—ver the Ar-ti-fice



foon may dis-co-ver; when frowning, the Courtship we seem to despise, strait with a



Smile our Threats we beguile, in—vite with our Looks, and speak Love with our Eyes.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Tho' custom we suffer our Fancies to awe,
And Fashion and Mode o're Nature preside;
Tho' to our Actions dull Honour gives Law,
Our Thoughts their vain Sway do deride:
Tho' we bid 'em be gone, still we fear lest we lose 'em,
Why have we Charms unless we use 'em?
Believe not our No's, they are all a deceit,
Faint's our denial,
When put to the Tryal,
For Beauty and Life without Love are a cheat.



Ap-py as Man in his first In-no-cence, for A-----ges

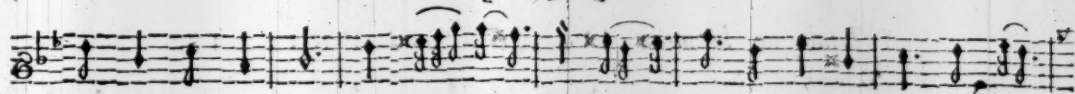
past as happy I have been; and thought of nothing but my Plock's defence, 'till bright Myr-

til-la, bright Myr-til-la, came up-on the Green: It was one Evening when the Sun was

set, and all the Nymphs and Shepherds met to play; a--last I do not know what ayles me

yet, but my poor harmless Sheep are gone a-stray. All Night I kept Myr-til-

la still in view, and a-sk'd my fellow Shepherds, a-----sk'd my fel-low



Shepherds the next day, if a—ny Ty—dings of my Sheep they knew; but they,



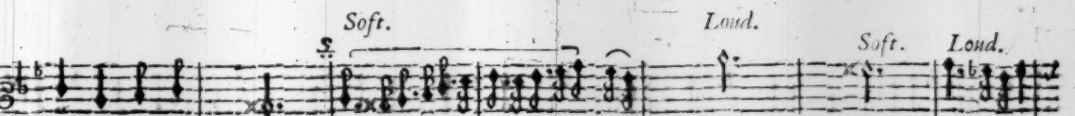
they an—swer'd me, they answer'd me Myr—til—la, they, they an—swer'd me, they



answer'd me, Myr—til—la. Myr—til—la is the on—ly found I hear, Myr—til—la is the



only thing I see; Myrilla is the cause of my Despair, Myrilla! O—h Myr—

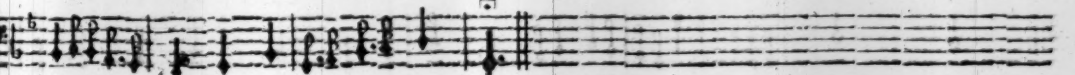


til—la! pi—ty me, pi—ty me, Oh! Oh!



O—h Myr—til—la! pi—ty me.

Mr. James Hart.



A Dialogue between DAMON and PHILLIS.

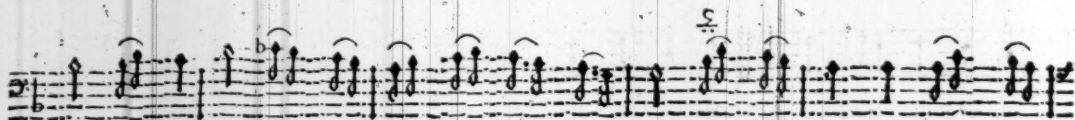
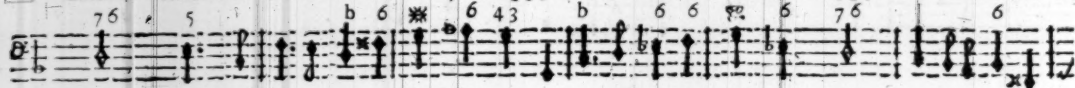
Damon.



Nce my Shepherdes was true, e're she my new Ri—val knew; oh my



Chlo—e! then we were all we wish'd, a happy Pair; all we wish'd, a happy Pair: Peace of



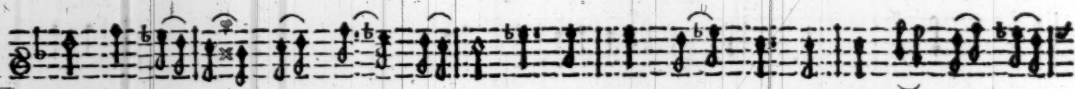
Mind so refin'd, sure on Earth was ne—ver known; ne're ad—mi—ring, nor de-



Phillis.



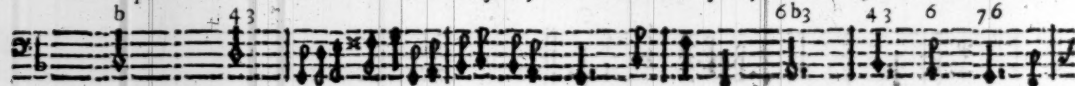
fi—ring a—ny Hea—ven but our own. When I on—ly had your

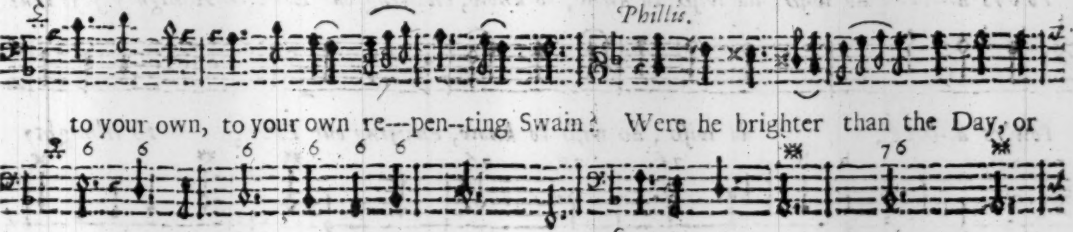
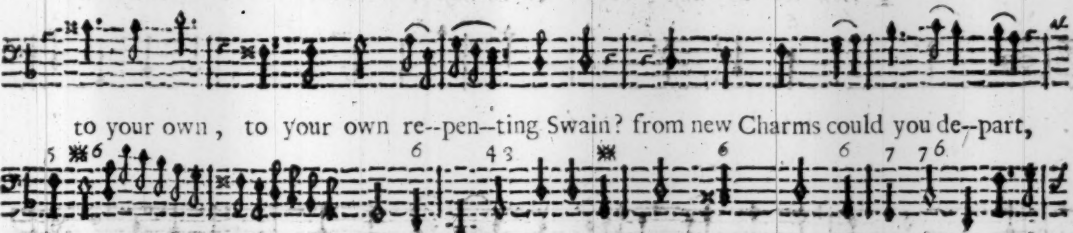
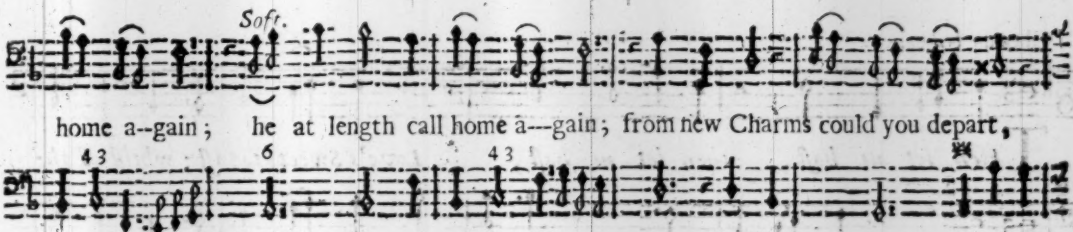
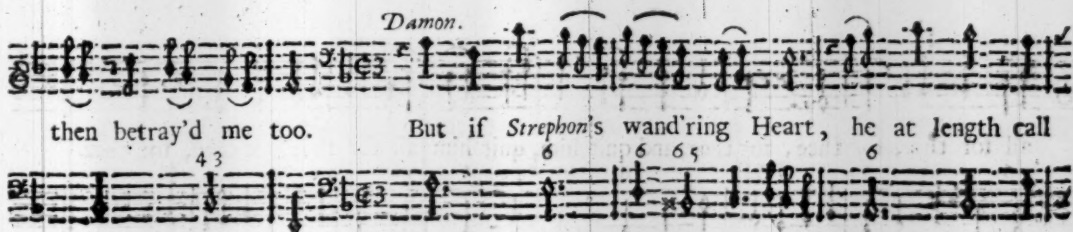
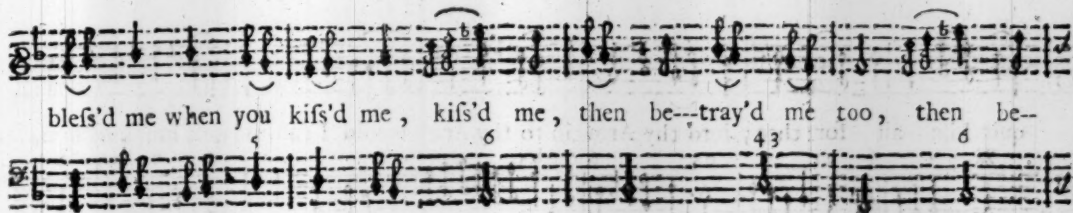
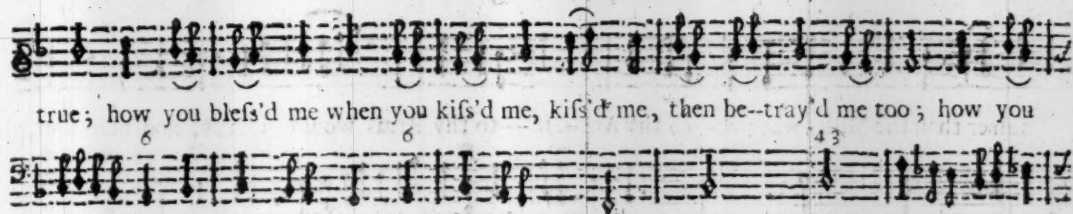


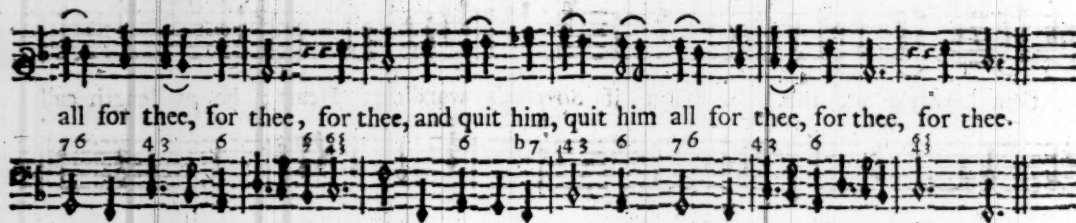
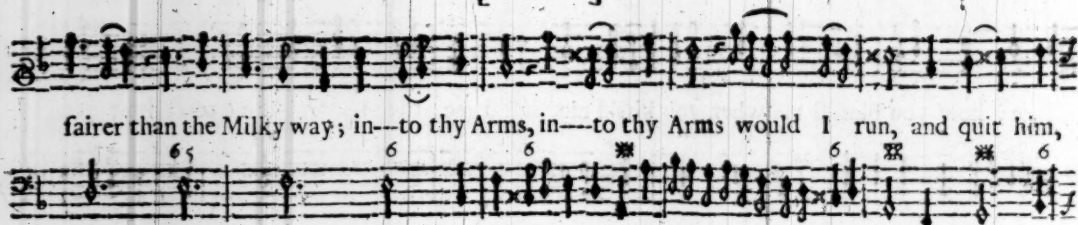
Heart, I lov'd tru—ly with—out Art; then my Charms you how—er—ly swore, taught false



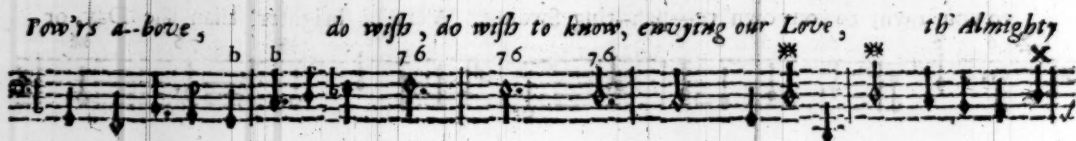
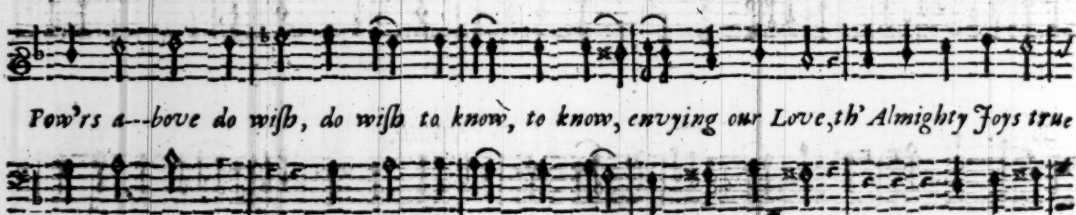
Stre—phon to A—dore: I believ'd you, ne're deceiv'd you, ah! had you but been fo







Chorus together.





Lo-vers take, true Lovers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers take be-



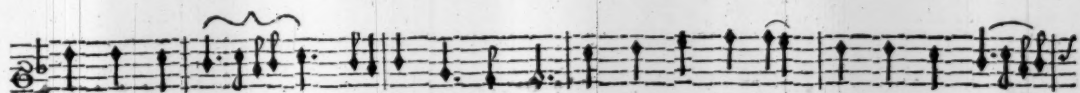
Joys true Lovers, true Lo-vers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers,



low; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers take be-low; th' Almighty Joys true



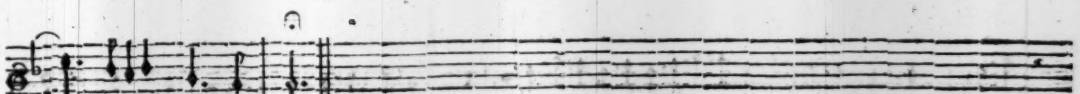
th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true Lovers, th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, th' Almighty



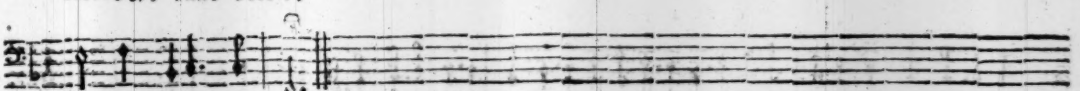
Lovers, true Lo-...-vers take below; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true Lo-



Joys true Lovers, true Lovers take be-low; th' Almighty Joys true Lovers, true

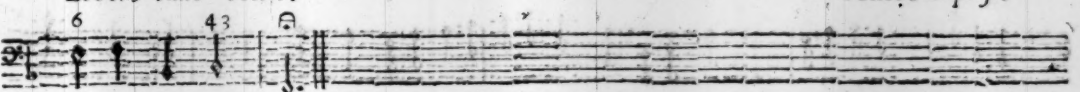


...-vers take below.



Lovers take below.

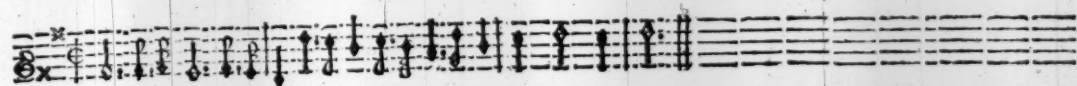
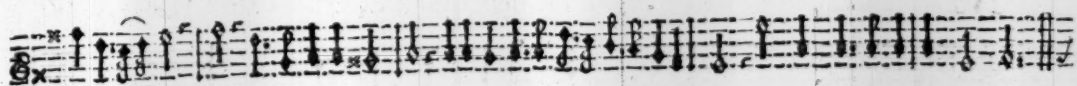
Senior Baptist.



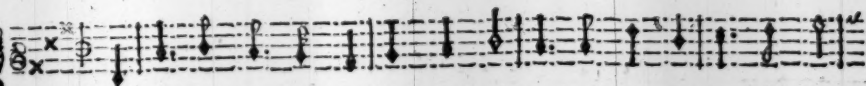
SEPTIMINUS and ACME: A Dialogue Set by Dr. John Blow.

Symphony.

The musical score is written on 12 staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, representing a complex symphonic composition. The music is arranged in a single system, with each staff containing a line of music. The notation is dense, with many notes and rests, indicating a fast and intricate piece of music.



A. 2 Voc.



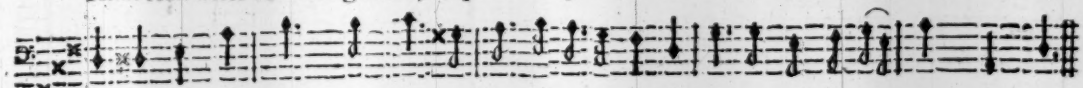
Hilft on Sep--tim--ni--us's panting Breast, meaning nothing less than Rest ;



Hilft on Sep--tim--ni--us's panting Breast, meaning nothing less than Rest ;



Acme lean'd her lo--ving Head, the pleas'd *Septiminius* thus said, the pleas'd *Septiminius* thus said :

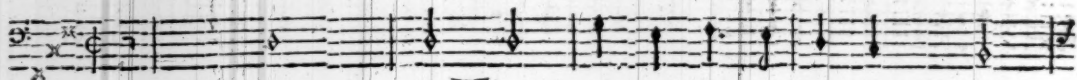


Acme lean'd her lo--ving Head, the pleas'd *Septiminius* thus said, the pleas'd *Septiminius* thus said :



Septimius alone.

MY dearest *Ac-me!* if I be once a-live, and love not thee, with a



Passion far above all that e're was called Love; in a *Ly-bian* De-----fert may



I become some Lyon's Prey! let him, *Acme*, let him tear my Breast, when *Acme*



is not there; let him, *Acme*, let him tear my Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

CHORUS. *A. 3 Voc.*

T He God of Love stood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Pleas'd and tickl'd with the



T He God of Love stood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Pleas'd and tickl'd with the



T He God of Love stood by to hear him, the God of Love was always near him: Pleas'd and tickl'd with the



Sound, sneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and blest the Au---gu---ry.



Sound, sneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and blest the Au---gu---ry.



Sound, sneez'd aloud, and all around; the little Loves that waited by, bow'd, and blest the Au---gu---ry.

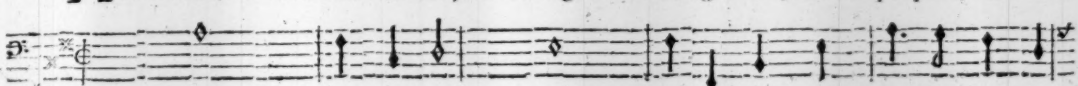
VERSE. A. 2 Voc.



A Come inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gentle bending Head; and her purple Mouth with



A Come inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gentle bending Head; and her purple Mouth with



joy, stretching to the de-li-cious Boy; twice, and twice, could not suffice, she kiss'd his



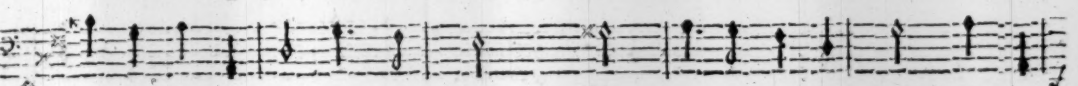
joy, stretching to the de-li-cious Boy; twice, and twice, could not suffice, she kiss'd his



drunken rolling Eyes; twice, and twice, could not suffice, she kiss'd his drunken rolling

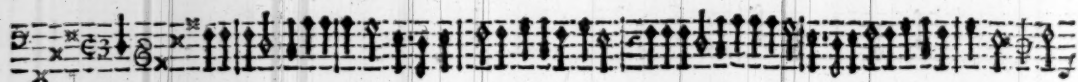


drunken rolling Eyes; twice, and twice, could not suffice, she kiss'd his drunken rolling

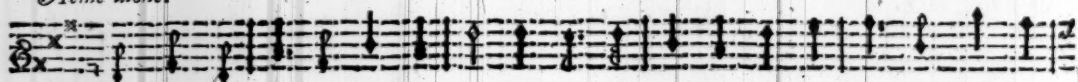


Retornels.

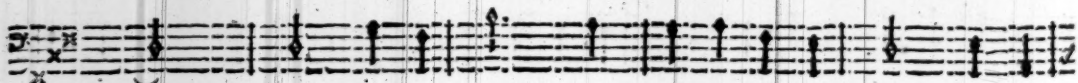
Eyes.



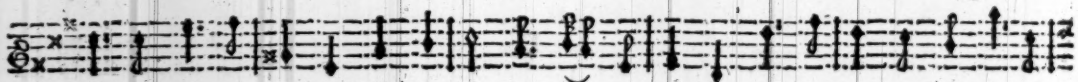
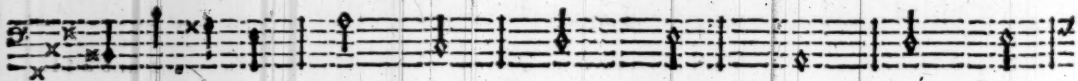
Eyes.

*Acme alone.*

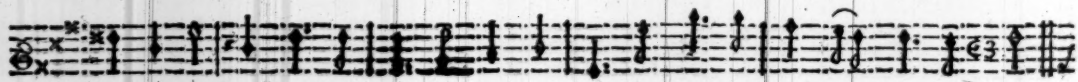
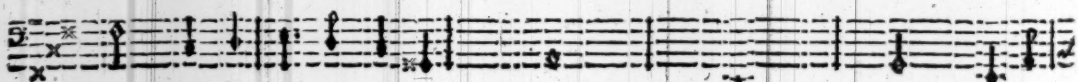
MY lit-tle Life, my All, said she, so may we e-ver Servants be to this best



God, and ne're re-tain our ha-ted Li-ber-ty again: So may thy Passion last for



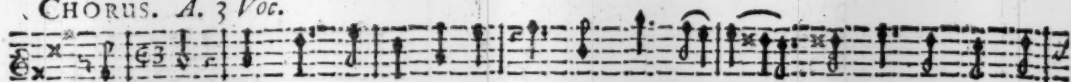
me, as I a Passion have for thee; greater and fiercer much then can be conceiv'd by



thee a Man: It reigns not on-ly in my Heart, but runs like Life through ev'ry Part.



CHORUS. A. 3 Voc.



She spake, the God of Love, aloud, sneez'd again, and all the crowd of little



She spake, the God of Love, aloud, sneez'd again, and all the crowd of little



She spake, the God of Love, aloud, sneez'd again, and all the crowd of lit-tle



Loves that waited by, bow'd and blest the Au--gu--ry.



Loves that waited by, bow'd and blest the Au--gu--ry.



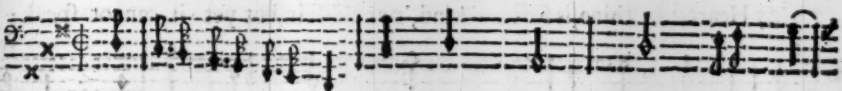
Loves that waited by, bow'd and blest the Au--gu--ry.

A Dialogue betwixt PHILLIS and STREPHON.

Phillis.



H! what can mean that ea--ger Joy, transports my Soul when

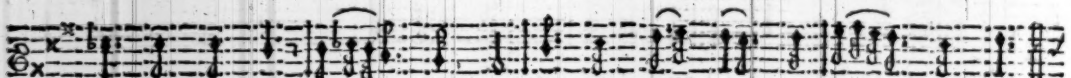
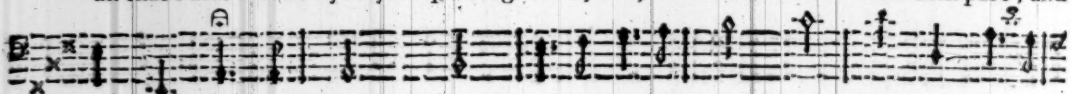


you appear? Ah Stre--phon! you my Thoughts employ, with all that's charming,





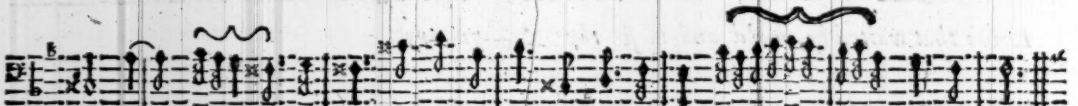
all that's dear : When you your pleasing Sto-ry tell, a Tendernefs in-vades each part ; and



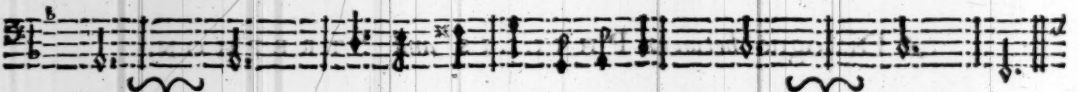
I with Blushes own I feel something too mel-ting at my Heart.



Ten thousand Wifhes, Joy—es, Defires, feize on me fill, when thee I



view ; Ah ! may but thine be re-al Fires, as mine shall be fo—r e—ver true.



My Heart, like thine, is soft and kind, 'twould fain, but yet it cannot fpeak ; I figh, and leave my

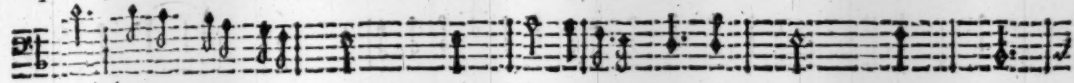


Words behind, for Love that ca—n be told is weak. Each Sigh my Reafon does fur—

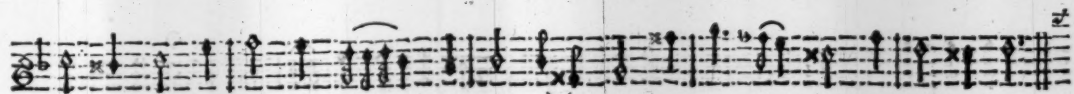




prize, and I at once both wish and fear, my wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes, as



it would prat---tle Sto---ries there. Take that Heart that needs will go, but Shepherd see it



kindly us'd; for who such Pre---sents would be---flow, if this a---las! should be abus'd?



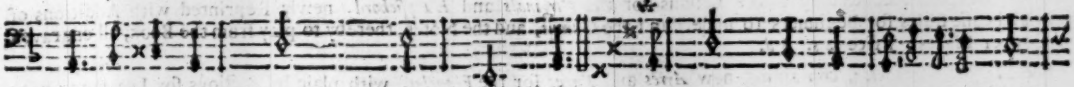
Strephon.



If Sighs or Tears thy Pi---ty move, or if thine Eyes thy Love confess; thy Sighs do make me



dye for Love, and sure mine Eyes betray no less. Thy charming Heart with joy I'll take, a



Gift I love, because 'tis thine; I'll use it gently for thy sake, A-----h! Ah! be but thou as



Chorus together.

kind to mine. Now all ye list'ning Gods above, bear witness of our mutual Love;

Now all ye list'ning Gods above, bear witness of our mu-----tual Love;

on your gay Wings the joy-ful Tydings bear, to ev'ry bright In-ha-bi-tant o' th' Air:

on your gay Wings the joyful Tydings bear, to ev'ry bright In-ha-bi-tant o' th' Air: Tell'em, tell'em, in

Tell'em in all their blest Cabals, they see nothing so happy, so belov'd as we. Mr. J. Hart.

all their blest Ca--bals, they see nothing so happy, so belov'd as we.

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